

COLLECTION
OF
BACCHANALIAN
SONGS

Let us, my Friend, in joy refine,
Bathe, crown our Brows, and quaff the Wine:
Short is the Space for human Joys;
What age prevents not, death destroys.

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Harding C 248

I N D E X.

Shewing the first line of every Song.

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Ring,

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand.
My sons, (began the sage), be this the rule :
No brow austere must dare approach my school ;
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
Old care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise :
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own ;
I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give 'em to the fools I hate :
But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring me wine :

A

Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say :
 Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy :
 So shall love, shall life be mine ;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

+++++

BID me when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
 When from my head the scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
 When the warm blood that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,
 Languid and slow scarce steals along,
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the various scene,
 Of frost and snow, of rage and fire ;
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age should reason, youth desire :
 Shall then that rebel man presume,
 Inverting Nature's laws, to seize
 The joys of age, in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No, let me waste the present day,
 In wanton joys and wild excess ;
 In mirth, and sport, and laughter gay,
 And smiles, and rosy chearfulness.
 Woman, the soul of all delights !
 And wine, the aid of love, be near ;
 All charms me that to love excites,
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair.

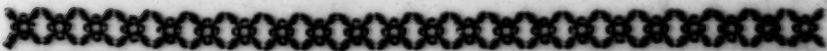
RECITATIVE.

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
 Dull self-denying fools I scorn :
 The proffer'd bliss I ne'er refuse :
 'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
 Lov'st thou, my friend, love at sight ;
 Drink'st thou, this bumper does thee right.
 At random with the stream I flow,
 And play my part where-e'er I go.

A I R.

Great god of sleep, since it must be,
 That we must give some hours to thee,
 Invade me not, while the free bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul ;
 That be my only time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more ;
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But O ! if melting in my arms,
 In some soft dream, with all her charms,
 The nymph belov'd should then surprise,
 And grant what waking she denies ;
 Then, gentle slumber, prithee stay,
 Slowly, ah, slowly bring the day !
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.



FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine ;

And let us chearfully a while
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours, what do we fear?
 To-day is ours, we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish at least with us to stay:
 Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow,
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

Abt. Cowley.

TIS wine makes us love, and love makes us toy,
 And each does the other uphold:
 I'll think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
 Nor own myself mortal till old.

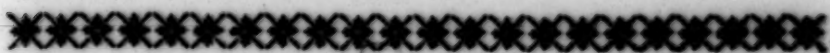
When old I am grown, and toying is past,
 In wine I must place all my joy;
 And though I'm unfit for love to the last,
 Yet still I can drink till I die.

CHORUS.

Then join 'em, my boys, make the blessings divine,
 For men must be gods when they've women and wine.

LET us dance, let us sing,
 Whilst our life's in the spring,
 And give all to the great god of love:
 Let us revel and play,
 And rejoice while we may,
 Since old time these delights will remove.

SINCE nature mankind for society fram'd,
 He 'gainst nature sins, who of drinking's asham'd;
 Drink then about, while all interest drown'd,
 Mirth, humour, and wit with the cup shall sail round.
 We'll laugh and we'll sing, be bold and sincere,
 And, removing all danger, we'll banish all fear:
 We'll mock at the cautious, and scorn all disguise,
 Begin to be frolic, and cease to be wise;
 Till, void of reserve, our jolly free souls
 Prove clear as our liquor, and large as our bowls.



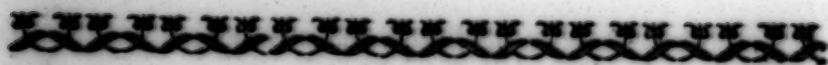
THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying, — *Heigho?*

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By hers tune your pipe when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
 And never sit crying, — *Heigho.*

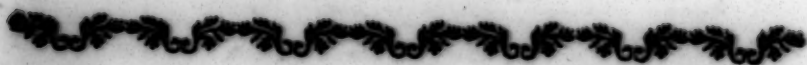
Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That ere all the toying is over,
 We cannot help crying, — *Heigho.*

In age every one a new part takes,
 I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so;
 When old, you may cry till your heart akes,
 But no one will mind your — *Heigho.*

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
 Generous god of wine and joy,
 Still exhilarates my soul
 With the raptures of the bowl ;
 Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive round ;
 Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate, divine ;
 Then the sprightly music warms,
 Song delights, and beauty charms :
 Debonnair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

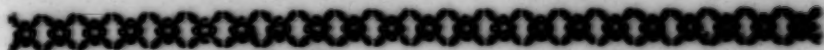


LET not love on me bestow
 Soft distress and silent wo ;
 I know none but substantial blisses,
 Eager glances, solid kisses ;
 I know not what the lovers feign,
 Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain.
 Then prithee give me, gentle boy,
 None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

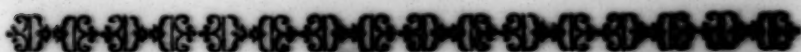


NOW the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing :

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



TH' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The smile that guides us to the mark,
When the fond nymph does shiness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.



FLY no more, cruel fair, but be kind and relenting,
Enough has been shown of contempt and disdain;
Taste at length the superior delight of consenting,
For 'tis much nobler joy to give pleasure than pain.
Would you charm men of sense, and engage their addresses;

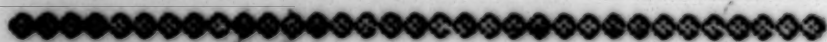
My Cloe, of pride, as of painting beware:
For beauty consists more in minds than in faces,
And the maid's almost ugly, that only is fair.



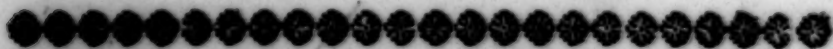
TO crown the cups which Bacchus fills with wine,
The full blown rose of Venus let us join.
Let the sweet rose, which leaves so beauteous spreads,
In fragrant garlands wrought adorn our heads:
While sparkling wit, as well as wine, we quaff,
And with politest mirth incessant laugh.

A COLLECTION

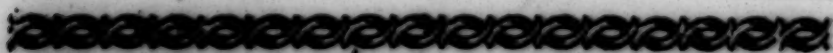
O rose, the noblest of all earthly flowers !
Of spring chief care, and dear to heav'nly powers !
In dance, if Cupid with the graces join,
His beauteous temples crown'd with roses shine.
Mine crown then, Bacchus, too ; and as thy quire,
Singing, dance round thy shrine, I'll touch the lyre :
Nay more, while rosy garlands grace my hair,
Old as I am, I'll dance amidst the fair.



GIVE, ye nymphs, O give your lover !
Give the bowl full, flowing over ;
See me panting, glowing, firing,
See me, see me just expiring.
Give, ye nymphs, from yonder bow'rs,
Give me wreaths of cooling flow'rs ;
See my garlands all are wasted,
By my blazing temples blasted ;
But if flames of love invade thee,
What ! O what ! my heart can shade thee ?



WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat ;
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.



LET us revel and roar,
The whole world is our store ;

Nay, the gods shall club to our pleasure;
 When we wallow all night,
 In an unknown delight,
 Aurora discovers the treasure.

Let us never repine,
 Whilst brisk wenches and wine,
 Make the brims of our lives run over,
 Leave the how, and the what,
 To the politic sot,
 And the when to the fool of a lover.

Thus we're free from all cares
 Of taxes and wars,
 And know not the name of dull sorrow.
 Ev'ry purse is our prey,
 Which we spend in the day,
 And we ne'er take care for to-morrow



WHILST health and blooming youth combine,
 Begin, dear friend, to live;
 Make this obliging minute thine,
 Lest fate no more should give.



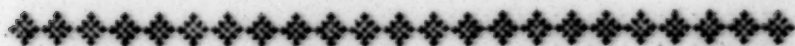
THE jolly bowl does glad my soul,
 The flowing liquor cheers my heart;
 I revel free from all controul,
 'Tis this that does improve all art.
 The miser may be pleas'd with gold,
 The sporting bean with pretty lads;
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
 The nectar sparkling in the glass.

WHEN with good wine the table's crown'd,
And the full bumper moves around ;
How briskly do the spirits flow,
The countenance how lively glow !

TO fleeting pleasures make your court,
No moment lose, for life is short ;
The present now's our only time,
The missing that our only crime.

STREPHON, why that cloudy forehead,
Why so vainly cross'd those arms ?
Silly swain, thy aspect horrid
Rather frightens her than charms.
Rouse each dull and drooping spirit,
Fling away thy myrtle wreath ;
Bumpers large of gen'rous claret,
Make thee love and raptures breathe.
Sacrifice this juice prolific,
To each letter of her name ;
Gods have deem'd it a specific,
Why not mortals do the same ?
See the high-charg'd goblet smiling,
Bids thee, Strephon, drink and prove ;
Wine's the liquor most beguiling,
Wine's the weapon conquers love.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,
 I leave debates to learned fools ;
 Who solemnly in form advise ;
 At best, impertinently wise.
 To me more pleasing precepts give,
 And teach the science how to live ;
 To bury in the friendly draught
 Sorrows that spring from too much thought ;
 To learn soft lessons from the fair,
 How life may glide exempt from care.
 Alas, I'm old ! — I see my head
 With hoary locks, by time o'erspread.
 Then instant be the goblet brought,
 To make me young — at least in thought.
 Alas ! incessant speeds the day,
 When I must mix with common clay ;
 When I must tread the dismal shore,
 And dream of love and wine no more.



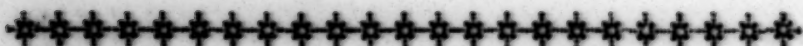
CROWNS of sweet roses our temples shall twine ;
 The pleasing emblem of the rosy wine ;
 Whilst beauteous damsels trip it around,
 And every day
 Frisk it away,
 To the harp's sprightly and delightful sound.
 Love too shall join in the harmonious quire,
 Venus with soft airs the soul shall inspire ;
 Whilst jolly Bacchus, the gay god of wine,
 When Nature drops,
 From cordial cups,
 Shall pour fresh vigour, and life in each vein.

RECITATIVE.

Thus ev'ry passion uncontroll'd shall move,
Doubly inspir'd by gen'rous wine and love.

AIR.

Whilst the glass goes nimbly round,
New-raisd' fancies make me merry ;
All my plagues in this I'll drown,
Here all cares I'll bury.
Business will I ever banish,
States shall never give me pain :
Wine shall all my wants replenish.
Let the great man hug his chain.
Wine's my pleasure,
Wine's my treasure,
Wine's the top of my ambition,
And the lover's best commission.
Whilst the glass, &c.



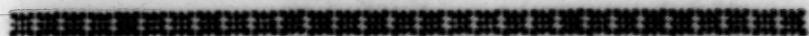
FOR shame, no disputes o'er the glass, then drink fair,
At least, till we're all of us mellow ;
Of fortune and fate let us ne'er stand in fear,
They're always kind to the good-fellow.

In bumpers of red then let's drown all our cares,
In spite of philosophers rules ;
Who, for all their grey hairs, their learning, and years,
At best, were but dull thinking fools.

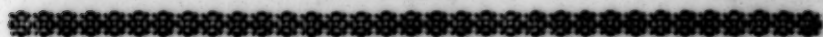
We must moisten our clay, while our sand runs away,
Behind us to cast all sorrow :
Take a bumper of claret, and drink it to-day,
Perhaps we may have none to-morrow.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, we dance, we sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.



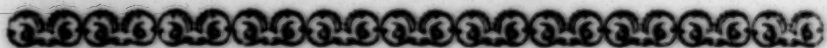
FROM place to place forlorn I go,
 With downcast eyes, a silent shade;
 Forbidden to declare my wo;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.
 My inward pang, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no relief:
 Why speaks not he who may?



GENIUS of England, from thy pleasant bow'r of bliss
 Arise, and spread thy sacred wings,
 Guard, guard from foes the British state;
 Thou, on whose smiles do wait
 Th' uncertain happy fate
 Of monarchies and kings.
 Then follow, brave boys, then follow, brave boys, to
 the wars;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, brave boys, to the wars;
 Follow, follow, follow, brave boys, to the wars;
 The laurel, you know, is the prize,
 The laurel, you know, is the prize.

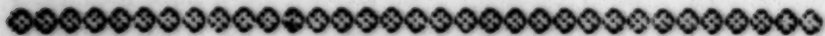
Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,
The noblest scars, looks finest in Celia's eyes.

Then shake off your slothful ease,
Let glory, let glory, let glory inspire your hearts :
Remember, a foldier, in war and in peace,
Remember, a foldier, in war and in peace,
Is the noblest of all other arts ;
Remember, a foldier, in war and in peace,
Remember, a foldier, in war and in peace,
Is the noblest of all other arts.



GEN'ROUS wine, and a friend in whom I can
confide,

And a cleanly bright girl I would have for my bride :
I'll keep a brace of geldings,
An easy pad to please my spouse ;
Kind fate, what more I ask,
Ne'er to want my dear flask,
And in friendly bumpers ever briskly carouse.



GOOD wine will drown sorrow, 'will soften our care,
'Twill make our hearts merry, and drive away fear :
But a pox take the vintner who murders good claret,
May he be a poor cuckold, and die in a garret.
Good wine will divert us, when troubles assail ;
'Tis this will revive us, when other things fail.
Then a pox take the vintner, &c.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty ;
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay while we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.



Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
 If I but ask the favour ;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.
 Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her ;
 Would she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.



HARK ! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn ;
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the outlying deer.

CHORUS.

All the day long, this, this is our song,
 Still hallooing, and following, so frolic and free ;
 Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the hounds ;
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow !
 While the hills they all echo — halloo !
 With a bounce from his cover when 'he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
 All the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labour we feel !
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 All the day long, &c.

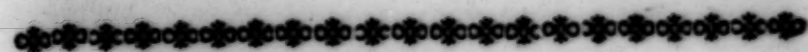


THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields ;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come a-
 way ;
 Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.
 The merry, merry, &c.

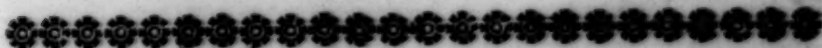
The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry ;
 Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
 Then follow, follow, &c.

The day's sport, when over, makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night.

Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.
 Then let us, &c.



PRITHEE, Billy,
 Be'nt so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief :
 You say, Betty
 Will not let ye ;
 But can sorrow bring relief ?
 Leave repining,
 Cease your whining ;
 Pox on torment, tears, and wo.
 If she's tender,
 She'll surrender ;
 If she's tough, — e'en let her go.



WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain ;
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

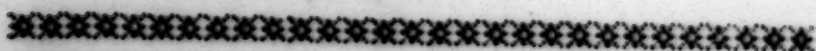
The nations, not so blest'd as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their wo, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair.
 Blest isle ! with beauty matchless crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.



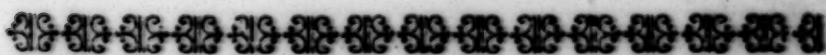
WHEN the rosy bowl we drain,
 Gentle love begins to reign :
 Hope, to human hearts benign,
 Mingles in the friendly wine,
 And with pleasing visions fair
 Sweetly dissipates our care.
 Warm with wine, we win renown,
 Conquer hosts, or storm a town,
 Reign the mighty lords of all,
 And in fancy rule the ball.

Then our villas charm the sight,
 All with gold and ivory bright;
 Ships with corn from Egypt come,
 Bearing foreign treasures home:
 Thus each bliss that fills the soul,
 Luxuriant rises from the bowl.



DAMON ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd,
 Intending to snap him the next time he try'd;
 But, alas, he's determin'd to ask me no more!
 And now makes his suit to the fam'd Leonore.
 Yet why should I grieve? for I'm well assur'd,
 Had he lov'd me, he ne'er would have ta'en the first
 word.

Though he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to say,
 That man is a fool, that will take the first nay.
 Had his love been sincere, and really in pain,
 He then would have ask'd me again and again;
 But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex:
 A swain that's in earnest allows for our sex.



DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face?
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd?
 Prithee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little, like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

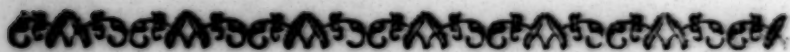
To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong :
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit ;
 Ods-life, must one swear to the truth of a song ?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I writ, shews,
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
 I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose ;
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
 How, after his journey, he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

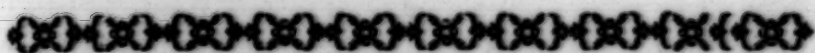
So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come :
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
 They are but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree ;
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.



DEAR Madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man needs must look like a fool ;
 For me, I would not give a shilling,
 For one that can love out of rule.
 At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your wishing,
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond oglings I see ;
The fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.



DULCY, no more mispend your prime,
But wisely use the present time,
Nor trust a future day :
In vain you think that lovely face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will not in time decay.

Observe the lilies in the field,
That pleasant scents and prospects yield,
How short their beauty lasts ;
How soon their blooming whiteness fades,
How soon they mourn with drooping heads,
In winter's chilly blasts.

Then to some youth thy charms resign,
(Oh ! may the happy fate be mine),
And kindly crown his joys ;
If in your bloom you yield to love,
The swain will ever constant prove,
When age that bloom destroys.

DULL business, hence, avoid this sacred round;
To mirth and mighty love let ev'ry bowl be
crown'd.

The sparkling nectar see, it fans the lover's fire,
And emulates those smiles its sprightly draughts inspire.
The gen'rous juice who scorns, and wears a sullen brow,
Still let his mistress frown, and he no pleasure know.

To Chloe's name let's consecrate the glass;
Chloe shall make each round with livelier transport pass:
What though the brain should rock, and swimming eye
should roll;

Love, mighty love, does more; intoxicates the soul:
Then, like true sons of joy, let's laugh at the precise:
When wisdom grows austere, 'tis folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live; thus time is nobly lost:
To drink and love, is all dull man from life can boast.
Thou fiend Reflection hence, mirth shall not be allay'd,
Though less'ning tapers waste, and the pale stars should
fade:

No matter when the moon, or brighter Phœbus rise;
The morn's in Chloe's cheek, and Phœbus in her eyes.



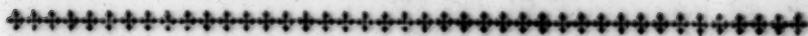
EACH glance from Margaretta's eyes
Can life or death dispense;
Whene'er she frowns, her lover dies,
Her smiles recall departing sense.
If barely to behold can move
To such a vast degree,
O let my rapture still improve,
To taste as well as see!

FALSE though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

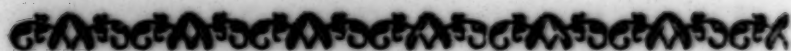


FAME's an echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glittering bubble;
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
 The wise not worth their keeping think it.
 Why then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 Like her sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find.



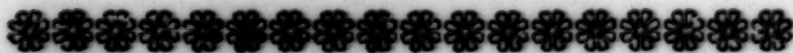
FAME of Dorinda's conquests brought
 The god of love her charms to view;
 To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
 But soon became her conquest too.
 He dropt, half drawn his feeble bow;
 He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
 And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
 As painters falsely draw him, blind.
 Disarm'd, he to his mother flies:
 Help, Venus, help thy wretched son!

Who now will pay us sacrifice ?
 For love himself's, alas, undone !
 To Cupid now no lover's prayer
 Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs ;
 My darts are gone, but, oh ! beware,
 Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.



FILL the bowl with streams of pleasure,
 Such as Gallia's vintage boast ;
 These are tides that bring our treasure ;
 Love and friendship be the toast.
 First our mistresses approving,
 With bright beauty crown the glass ;
 He that is too dull for loving,
 Must in friendship be an ass.

Pylades is with Orestes
 Said to have one common soul ;
 But the meaning of the jest is
 In the bottom of the bowl.
 Thus, by means of honest drinking,
 Often is the truth found out,
 Which would cost a world of thinking ;
 Spare your pains, and drink about.

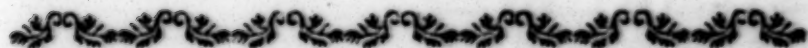


FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
 Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what you
 gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.



FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
 So early at my window do?
 Why thy tuneless serenade?
 Well't had been, had Tereus made
 Thee dumb as Philomel,
 There his knife had done but well.

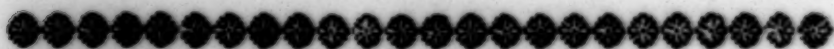
In thy undiscover'd nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest on thy summer-joys,
 Free from the stormy season's noise,
 Free from the ill thou'lt done to me;
 Who disturbs or seeks out thee?

Hadst thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thy art could never pay
 What thou'lt ta'en from me away.

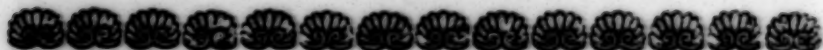
Cruel bird, thou'lt ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms, to-day;

A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that naked eyes may see.

Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the spring.



WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest,
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad sing;
Ivy-wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I sit, in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state.
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler transports Bacchus yields:
Fill the bowl. — I ever said,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.



CEASE to pursue the scornful fair;
Let not not her vain deluding air
One thought of thine engage;
Leave her to stale virginity,
Let pride in youth her torment be,
And envy in old age.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well her heart is tender ;
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her !
 But nature, graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex but please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless will to ease us.

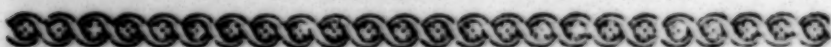
COME, be free, my lovely lasses,
 Banish dull restraining pride ;
 Now we're o'er our gen'rous glasses,
 Let the mask be thrown aside.
 With our wine sweet kisses blending,
 You its virtues shall improve ;
 Wine our warm desires befriending,
 Shall increase the power of love.

Squeamish prudes may take occasion,
 Whilst they burn with inward fire,
 To condemn a gen'rous passion,
 Which they never could inspire :
 But how curs'd is their condition,
 Whilst in us they freedom blame ?
 Ev'ry night pant for fruition,
 Yet find none to meet their flame.

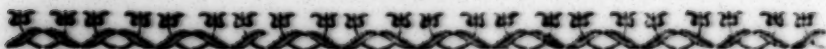
+++++

COME, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here :
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,

In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here.
 Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.



COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He at length our good will sever;
 Spend not then his gifts in vain:
 Suns that set may rise again;
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies?
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal:
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

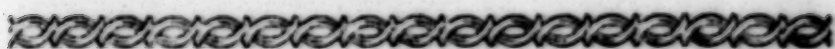


CORINNA cost me many a pray'r,
 Ere I her heart could gain;

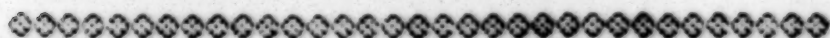
But she ten thousand more should hear,
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find,
Corinna's constancy still worse;
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve?
How ill divide the joy?
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy.

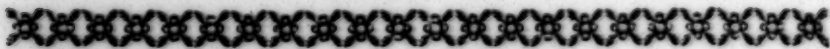


COULD a man be secure,
That life would endure,
As of old, a thousand good year,
What arts might he know,
What acts might he do,
And all without hurry or care?
But we, who have but span-long lives,
The thicker must lay on our pleasure,
And since time will not stay,
Add the night to the day,
And thus we may lengthen the measure.



CROWN me with the branching vine,
Round my temples let it twine;
See! the reeling god appears,
With Silenus, green in years:
Crown'd with joy, let them come,
Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!
Pour the fragrant oil, and shed
Od'rous perfumes on my head,

Cupid shall the skinker be ;
 Fill a glass, and give it me ;
 Fill out more, you little sot,
 Till it overlook the pot.
 Mingle love and soft desires,
 Tender thoughts and am'rous fires ;
 Let not jealousy intrude,
 Trivial joys or noisy feud :
 But let's drink, and be divine,
 Let our brother Phœbus shine ;
 Drink like him, like him appear,
 Fresh and blooming all the year,
 Gay and smiling full of life,
 Easy, quiet, free from strife ;
 Fraught with friendship, fraught with love,
 Let the hours successive move,
 Passing unregarded on,
 Nor repine at what is gone ;
 But the present hour employ,
 With wine, or love's alternate joy !
 Thus content, if rigid fate
 Calls us from our happy state,
 We'll drink our glass, and throw it down,
 And die without a single frown.

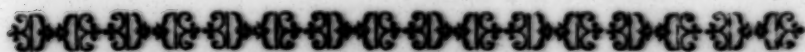


CUPID and Venus one day strove
 To warm Amyntor's heart,
 And give him all the joys of love,
 The joys without the smart.

Says Venus, Then let every maid
 Bestow a fav'rite grace :
 No, Mamma, Cupid smiling said,
 Let's shew him Celia's face.

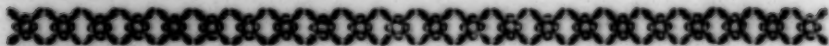
CYNTHIA frowns when'er I woo her,
 Yet she's vex'd if I give over :
 Much she fears I should undo her,
 But much more to lose her lover.
 Thus in doubting, she refuses,
 And not winning, thus she loses.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
 Then too late desire will find you,
 When the power does forsake you.
 Think, oh, think ! oh, sad condition !
 To be past, yet with fruition.



WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
 In sprightly dance my heart delights ;
 When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,
 The lyre can harmonize my soul :
 But when indulging amorous play,
 I frolic with the fair and gay,
 With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,
 Then, then the sweetest joys abound ;
 My honest heart nor envy bears,
 Nor envy's poison'd arrow fears ;
 By rankling malice never stung,
 I shun the venom-venting tongue,
 And at the jovial banquet hate
 Contentions, battles, and debate :
 When to the lyre's melodious sound
 With Phyllis in the dance I bound,
 The blooming fair, the silver lyre,
 Should only dance and love inspire :

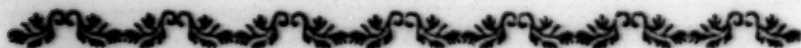
Then let us pass life's peaceful day
In mirth and innocence away.



WHY should I ask to whom she's kind,
Since I her favours share ;
And none e'er cur'd a roving mind
By jealousy or care ?

Why should I still disturb my ease,
Mistrustful of her charms ;
And fear that ev'ry look betrays
Her to some rival's arms ?

Since, if Corinna truly loves,
Restraint is needless sure ;
And if her inclination roves,
No strictness can secure.



WINE's a mistress gay and easy,
Ever free to give delight ;
Let what may perplex and tease ye,
'Tis the bottle sets all right.

Who would leave a lasting treasure,
To embrace a childish pleasure,
Which soon as tasted takes its flight ?

Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,
Rouse your hearts, ere 'tis too late ;
Fill the goblet, never spare it
That's your armour 'gainst all fate.

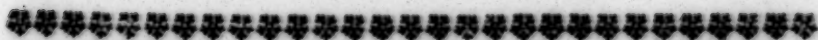
WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay.
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise;
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

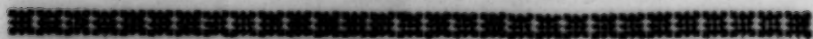


WITH early horn
 Salute the morn
 That gilds this charming place :
 With chearful cries,
 Bid Echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The crystal floods,
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.



WOULD you know how we meet o'er our jolly
 full bowls ?
 As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls.
 The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong.
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long :
 E

We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire ;
Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

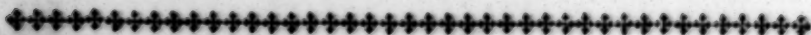


WOULD you taste the noontide air ?
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
'The fair does all alone repose ;

All alone, — yet in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd and blessing you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.



YE good fellows all
Who love to be told where there's claret good
store,

Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted with six bottles more :

Be sure you don't pass the good house Money-glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;

'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what would
you more,

Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones ?

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses, who oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,
Come hither, I'll shew you, how Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
For what mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by't is a dinner oftimes,
In reward for your rhymes, with Humphry the duke;
Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
Forfake all the muses, those senseless old drones;
Our jingling of glasses your rhyming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye foldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though not plenty of coin,
Who make such a route of all your commanders,
Who serv'd us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your rattling, of fighting and battling.
And know you'd much better to sleep with whole
bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar, your note you'd soon
alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
How worthy to rise, you preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek above once in a year,

Come here without failing, and leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones :

Says the text so divine, What is life without wine ?
Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust, you know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to be fee'd ;
Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones,
Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your damn'd
entries,

And away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
When e'er you prescribe, have at you devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion, be what will the case :
Pray where is the need to purge, blister, and bleed,
When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing,
As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

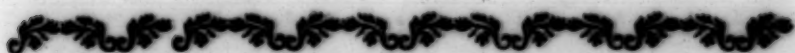
Ye fox-hunters, eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake before they're awake,
To beat up the brake where the vermin is found,
Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Duchefs and True-
man ;

No music is found in such dissonant tones :

Would you ravish your ears with the songs of the
spheres ?

Hark ! away to the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

YES, yes, I own, I love to see
 Old men facetious, blithe, and free ;
 I love the youth that light can bound,
 Or graceful swim th' harmonious round :
 But when old age, jocose though gray,
 Can dance and frolic with the gay ;
 'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
 Though hoar the head, the heart is young.



THE man that is drunk, is void of all care ;
 He needs neither Parthian quiver, nor spear :
 The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield :

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
 Incumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun ;
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
 Should he in Apulia's forest appear ;
 In Africa's desert there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

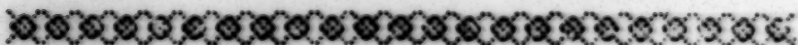
Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine :
 O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat :

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound,
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require :
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules ;
Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain ;
His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern with liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a lord ;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I pay, .
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.



THE wanton god that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd :
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

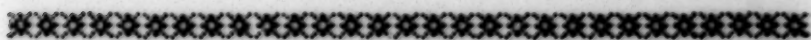
They have charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease ;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me — whilst he can.



THOUGH envious old age seems in part to impair me,
 And makes me the sport of the wanton and gay,
 Brisk wine shall recruit, as life's winter shall wear me,
 And I still have a heart to do what I may.

Then, Venus, bestow me some damsel of beauty,
 As Bacchus shall lend me a cherishing glass;
 Silenus, though old, shall to both do his duty;
 And first clasp the bottle, and then clasp the lass;
 The bottle, the lass,
 The lass and the bottle,
 And first clasp the bottle, and then clasp the lass.



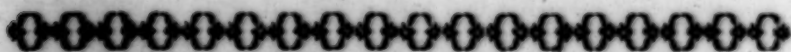
WHILE Phillis is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
 With forces united, bid resistless defiance;
 By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
 And her eyes from her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
 As flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh odour;
 His dart dipt in wine, love wounds beyond curing,
 And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more endu-
 ring.

By cordials of wine love is kept from expiring,
 And our mirth is enliven'd by love and desiring,

Relieving each other, the pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting.

Then Phillis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiss and a glass be still going round ;
Our joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From love to the bottle, from the bottle to love.



NOW let us gaily drink, and join,
To celebrate the god of wine ;
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patroniz'd the song ;
In heart, in soul, with love the same,
The fav'rite of the Cyprian dame.
Revelry he nam'd his heir ;
The Graces are his daughters fair ;
Sadness in Lethe's lake he sleeps ;
Solicitude before him sleeps.
When in large bowls fair boys produce
The heart-exhilarating juice,
Then all our sorrows are resign'd,
They fly, and mingle with the wind.
The gen'rous bowl then let us drain,
Dismissing care, forgetting pain :
For life, what pleasure can it give,
If with anxiety we live ?
And what hereafter may betide
No living casuist can decide.
The days of man are fix'd by fate,
Dark and obscure, though short the date.

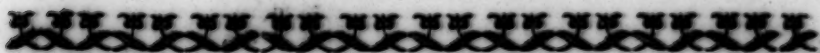
Then let me, warm with wine, advance,
 And revel in the tipfy dance ;
 Or, breathing odours, sport and play
 Among the fair, among the gay.
 As for those stubborn fools, that will
 Be wretched, be they wretched still.
 But let us gaily drink, and join
 To celebrate the god of wine.



OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles ;
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fates
 will is ;

You, my boy, must go,
 The gods will have it so,
 To the siege of Troy,

Thence never to return to Greece again ;
 But before those walls to be slain.
 Let not your courage be cast down,
 But all the while you lie before the town,
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry :
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

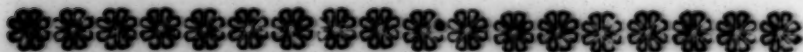


PLAGUE us not with idle stories,
 Whining loves, and senseless glories :
 What are lovers, what are kings ?
 What at best but slavish things ?
 Free I liv'd, as nature made me,
 No proud beauty durst invade me,
 No rebellious slaves betray'd me,
 Free I liv'd as nature made me,

Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me,
 Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me ;
 I alone have lost true pleasure,
 Freedom is the only treasure.

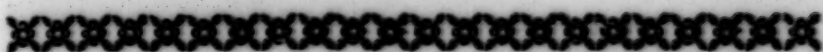


PREACH not me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.
 If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care,
 They only live, who life enjoy.



PRITHEE, friend, leave off thy thinking,
 Cast thy cares and love away ;
 Troubles still are drown'd in drinking,
 Do not, do not then delay ;
 Bacchus cares not for thy will,
 But will have us drinking still.
 Do but view this glass of claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Drink it quickly, or you'll mar it,
 Pox of fighting, or of books :
 Let us have good store of wine,
 Hang him then that does repine.
 Call the drawer, bid him fill it
 As full as ever it can hold :

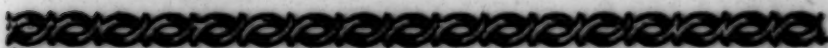
O take heed you do not spill it,
 'Tis more precious far than gold ;
 Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
 Drink is better sport than love.



SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
 That can bribe honest souls to endure it :
 When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with care,
 Dear women and wine only can cure it.
 Dear women, &c.

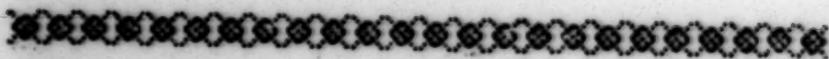
Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
 And wisely to purpose employ them.
 He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
 Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.
 As women and wine, dear women and wine,
 Whilst vigour, &c.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my dear Jack,
 To heighten our amorous fires ;
 Our girls young and smart, and shall kiss with a smack,
 And shall gratify all our desires ;
 The bottles we'll crack, and the lasses we'll smack,
 And shall gratify, &c.



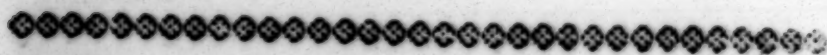
SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
 'Tis my will that a tun be my shrine ;
 And for the age to come,
 Engrave this story on my tomb :
 Here lies a body once so brave,
 Who by drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And raise an everlasting name ;
 Drink, drink away, drink, drink away ;
 And here let's be nobly interr'd :
 Let misers and slaves sneak into their graves,
 And rot in a dirty church-yard.



TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common ;
 By heav'n, I all along believ'd
 She was a very woman ;
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

But, oh ! her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard thing :
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man ;
 Why, what care I one farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take her body, you her mind ;
 Who has the better bargain ?



WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.

When full cups my care expel ;
 Sober counsels, then farewell :
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

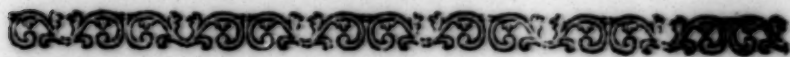
When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine ;
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.

When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the generous tide,
All my soul unbends, — I play
Gamesome with the young and gay,

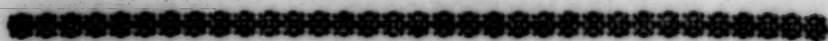
When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real blessings are my gain ;
Blessings which my own I call,
Death is common to us all.



HANG this whining way of wooing,
Loving was design'd a sport :
Sighing, talking, without doing,
Makes a silly idle court.

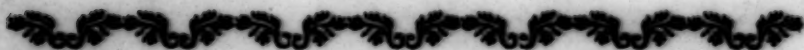
Don't believe that words can move her,
If she be not well inclin'd :
She herself must be the lover,
To persuade her to be kind.

If at last she grants the favour,
 And consents to be undone ;
 Never think your passion gave her
 To your wishes, but her own.



HOW blest'd he appears
 That revels and loves out his happy years,
 That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race,
 And, knowing life's short, chuses living apace !
 To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it ;
 Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each day we grow older,
 But as fate approaches, the brave still are bolder ;
 The joys of love with our youth slide away,
 But yet there are pleasures that never decay :
 When beauty grows dull, and our passions grow cold,
 Wine still keeps its charms, and we drink when we're
 old.



HOW happy are we, when the wind is abaft !
 And the boatwain he pipes, Haul both your
 sheets aft !
 Steady, steady, says the master, it blows a fresh gale,
 We'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind doth not
 fail.
 Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll,
 We'll fave our rich liquor by slinging our bowl ;

IN love and life the present use,
One hour we grant, the next refuse ;
Who then would risk a nay ?
Were lovers wise, they would be kind,
And in our eyes the moment find,
For only then they may.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,
Ever love me, ever charm ;
Let thy passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.
Why should we, our bliss beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds ?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
We'll be as happy as the gods.

LET's drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments as they pass
This silent admonition give,
T'improve our time, and push the glass.
When once we've entered Charon's boat,
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
There's not a drop to wet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

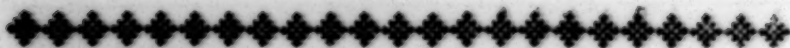
LIVE, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care,

Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play,
 But youth's sport begins to-day.

From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let not scare-crow virtue fright.
 Here in pleasure's vineyard we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
 To Coïnus' court repair,
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.



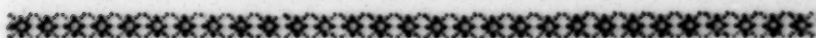
LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess;
 In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.
 When we think, by passion heated,
 We a goddess have in chace,
 Like Ixion we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.
 Happy only is the lover,
 Whom his mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover;
 He contented lives at ease.
 But the wretch that would be knowing
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy, to be wise.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then only let us study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest, be blest
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

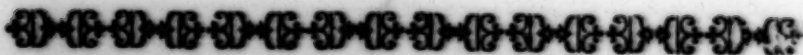


MORTALS, wisely learn to measure
 Life by the extent of joy,
 Life's a short and fleeting pleasure :
 Then be gay,
 Whilst you may,
 And your hours with mirth employ.

Never let a mistress pain thee,
 Though she meets you with a frown,
 Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain thee,
 Cheer thy heart,
 And all thy smart
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flame should seize thee,
 To some gentle maid repair,
 She'll with soft endearments ease thee,
 On her breast,
 Sink to rest,
 Eas'd of love and free from care.

Friendship, wine, and love united,
 From all ills defend the mind,
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy state,
 Smile at fate,
 And give sorrow to the wind.



NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shoot, and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head :
 Strict Age, and four Severity,
 With their grave faws, in slumber lie.



RECITATIVE.

OFT I'm by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old ;
 See how thy hairs are falling all !
 See, poor Anacreon, how they fall !

A I R.

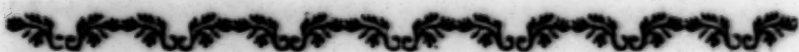
Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know.
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old,
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take ;
 Of little life the best to make ;
 And manage wisely the last stake.

+++++

INDULGE me, Stoics, with the bowl,
 And let me gratify my soul ;
 Your precepts to the schools confine,
 For I'll be nobly mad with wine.
 Alcmaeon and Orestes grew
 Quite mad when they their mothers slew :
 But I, no man, no mother kill'd,
 No blood but that of Bacchus spill'd,
 Will prove the virtues of the vine,
 And be immensely mad with wine.
 When Hercules was mad, we know,
 He grasp'd the Iphitean bow ;
 The rattling of his quiver spread
 Astonishment around and dread ;
 Made Ajax, with his sev'nfold shield,
 Tremendous stalk along the field ;
 Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,
 And hosts of Greeks in fancy slew.
 But I with no such fury glow,
 No sword I wave, nor bend the bow :
 My helmet is a flow'ry crown,
 In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
 And rant in ecstasies divine,
 Heroically mad with wine.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
 And lay by those terrible glances;
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

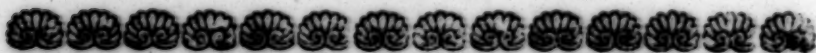
When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long time of courting;
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.



ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store,
 By memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
 How then can it be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

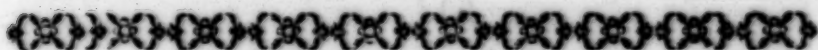
Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows:
 If I by miracle can be
 This long-liv'd minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that heav'n allows.



AS naked almost, and more fair you appear,
 Than Diana, when spy'd by Actæon;
 Yet that stag-hunter's fate, your votaries here,
 We hope you're too gentle to lay on:

For he like a fool took a peep, and no more,
 So she gave him a large pair of horns, Sir :
 What goddes undrest such neglect ever bore ?
 Or what woman e'er pardon'd such scorn, Sir ?

The man who with beauty feasts only his eyes,
 With the fair always works his own ruin ;
 You shall find by our actions, our looks, and our sighs,
 We're not barely contented with viewing.



AS soon as the chaos was turn'd into form,
 And the first race of men knew a good from a
 harm ;
 They quickly did join
 In a knowledge divine,
 That the world's chiefest blessings were women and
 wine.

Since when by example, improving delights,
 Wine governs our days, love and beauty our nights :
 Love on then, and drink,
 'Tis a folly to think,
 On a mystery out of our reaches ;
 Be moral in thought,
 To be merry's no fault,
 Though an elder the contrary preaches :
 For never, my friends, .
 Never, never, my friends,
 Never, never, my friends, was an age of more vice,
 Than when knaves would seem pious, and fools would
 seem wise.

AS swift as time put round the glass,
And husband well life's little space ;
Perhaps your fun, which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting night.

Or if the sun again should rise,
Death, ere the morn, may close your eyes ;
Then drink before it be too late,
And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound ;
In these alone true wisdom lies,
For to be merry's to be wise.



AWAY with the causes of riches and cares,
That eat up our spirits, and shorten our years ;
No pleasure can be
In state or degree,
But 'tis mingled with troubles and fears :
Then perish all fops by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world,
The quirks and the zealots of beauty and wit,
Though supported by power, at last submit :
For he that is sad,
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilst Mirth like a monarch does sit :
It cherishes life in the old and the young,
And makes every day to be happy and long.

Tom D. Hays

BANISH sorrow, let's drink, and be merry, boys,
 Time flies swift, to-morrow brings care ;
 If you believe it,
 Drink, and deceive it,
 Wine will relieve it,
 And drown despair.

CHORUS.

The sweets of wine are found in possessing,
 Its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing :
 The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
 A bumper or two, with a chearful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength, when nature's exhausted ;
 Heals the sick man, frees the slave ;
 Makes the stiff stumble,
 And the proud humble,
 Exalts the meek,
 And makes cowards brave.

Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover ;
 Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise ;
 She'll cry, you'll undo her,
 But be a brisk wooer,
 Attack her, pursue her,
 You'll gain the prize.

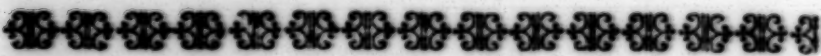
Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
 Then who'd omit the pleasing task ?
 Since wine's sweet society
 Eases anxiety,
 Damn dull sobriety,
 Bring t'other flask.

Chorus, &c.

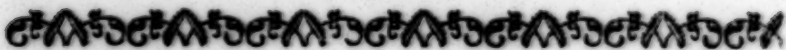
BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What has night to do with sleep ?

Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love :
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.



BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass :
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play ;
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.



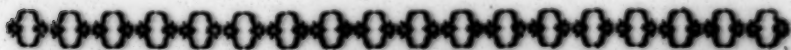
LET me wander, not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe.
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

AH! how sweet it is to love!
 Ah! how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove,
 When first we feel a lover's fire!
 Pains of love are sweeter far,
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the heart;
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away an easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use;
 Treat them like a parting friend;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse,
 Which in youth sincere they lend:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love like spring-tides, full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
 Each other tide has less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again;
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.



I'M not one of your fops, who, to please a coy lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an ass.
 Life is dull without love, and not worth the possessing;
 But fools make a curse what was meant for a blessing.

H

While his godship's not rude, I'll allow him my breast ;
But, by Jove, out he goes, should he once break my
rest.

I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay
The fluster of youth, or the ferment of May ;
But must beg her excuse, not to bear pain or anguish ;
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.



WILLY, ne'er inquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes !
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present time in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold on earth,
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead ;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blithe intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour ;
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,

Ev'n while we speak, ev'n while we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect the joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may ;
Have all your pleasures at command,
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.

Then Willy be a wanton wag,
If ye wad please the lasses braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.



LET's be jovial, fill our glasses ;
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.

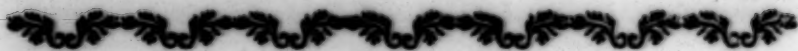
Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare ;
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget ;
Come, let us fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
We're carousing o'er our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death, begone, here's none but souls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,

Ever after understanding
 Drinking souls can never die.



BACCHUS must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine :
 It is not fit the wretch should be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

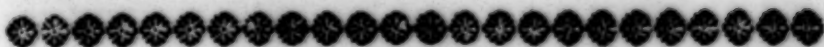
Make a new world, ye powers divine,
 Stock it with nothing else but wine ;
 Let wine its only produce be ;
 Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
 And let that wine be — all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care ;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink ;
 My sole ambition is to drink.



SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
 And my being's but a span,
 'Tis a march that I must make ;
 'Tis a journey I must take :
 What is past I know too well ;
 What is future who can tell ?
 Teazing Care, then set me free,
 What have I to do with thee ?
 Ere I die, for die I must,
 Ere this body turn to dust,

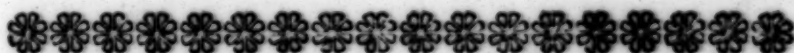
Every moment I'll employ
 In sweet revelry and joy,
 Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play,
 With Lyæus young and gay.



UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indiff'rence less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone,
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
 To beauty yields with joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.



VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do ;

I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd stars or constellations ;
For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;
Then add two lovely boys ;
Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are,
May drink and love still reign ;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

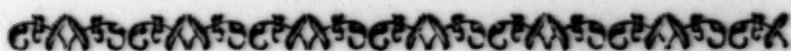
HERE'S to thee, my boy, my darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life ;
Who ne'er baulks his glass, nor cries like an ass,
To go home to his mistress or wife :
But heartily quaffs, sings catches, and laughs,
All the night he looks jovial and gay ;
When morning appears, then homeward he steers,
To snore out the rest of the day.

He feels not the cares, the griefs, nor the fears,
That the sober too often attend ;
Nor knows he a loss, disturbance, or cross,
Save the want of his bottle and friend.

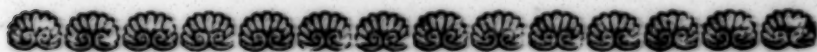
FLY care to the winds, thus I blow thee away ;
 I'll drown thee in wine, if thou dar'st for to stay ;
 With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown ;
 The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,
 And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.

Then, dull sober mortals, be happy as me ;
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree ;
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,
 And, her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your arms.



PROUD women, I scorn you, brisk wine's my delight ;
 I'll drink all the day, and I'll revel all night :
 As great as a monarch, the moments I'll pass,
 The bottle my globe, and the sceptre my glass :
 The table's my throne, and the tavern my court ;
 The drawer's my subject, and drinking's my sport.
 Here's the queen of all joy, here's a mistress ne'er coy ;
 Dear cure of all sorrows, and life of all bliss,
 I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiss.



BACCHUS, assist us to sing thy great glory,
 Chief of the gods, we exult in thy story ;
 Wine's first projector,
 Mankind's protector,
 Patron to toppers,

How do we adore thee !

Wine's first projector, &c.

Friend to the muses, and whetstone to Venus,
Herald to pleasures, when wine would convene us ;

Sorrow's physician,

When our condition

In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.

Nature she smil'd, when thy birth it was blazed ;

Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were rais'd :

Mirth will be flowing,

Whilst the vine's growing,

And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

BACCHUS, god of jovial drinking,

Keep th' enamour'd fool from thinking,

Teach him wine's great power to know.

Heroes would be lost in battle,

If not cherish'd by the bottle.

Wine does all that's great above,

Wine does all that's great below.

FULL bags, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face,

Are the three greatest blessings poor mortals embrace :

But, alas ! we grow muckworms, if bags do but fill,

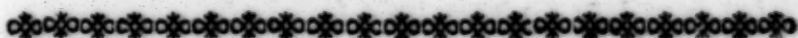
And a bonny, gay dame often ends in a pill.

Then heigh for brisk claret, whose pleasures ne'er waste ;

By a bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
 Makes the heavy light and gay ;
 Throws off all their melancholy ;
 Makes the wisest go astray,
 And the busy toy and play,
 And the poor and needy jolly.

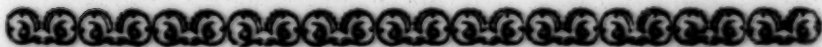
Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old ;
 Women leave their coy disdaining,
 Who till then were shy and cold :
 Makes a niggard slight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.



PALE faces stand by,
 And our bright ones adore ;
 We look like our wine,
 You worse than our score.

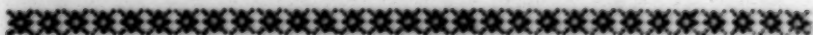
Come light up your pimples,
 All art we outshine ;
 When the plump god doth paint,
 Each streak is divine.

Clean glasses are pencils,
 Old claret is oil ;
 He that sits for his picture,
 Must sit a good while.

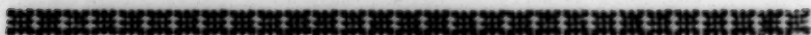


ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle :

Poets, painters, and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
 All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a chearful glafs.
 Ev'ry pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.
 All admire, &c.



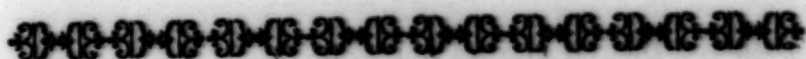
WHEN gay Bacchus chears my breast,
 All my cares are lull'd to rest;
 Griefs that weep, and toils that teaze,
 What have I to do with these?
 No solitudes can save
 Mortals from the gloomy grave.
 Shall I thus myself deceive?
 Shall I languish, shall I grieve?
 Let us quaff the gen'rous juice;
 Bacchus gave it for our use.
 For when wine transports the breast,
 All our cares are lull'd to rest.



THE ordnance-board
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire:
 Each member repairs
 From the tower to the stairs,
 And by water whush, and by water whush,
 By water they all go to fire.

Each piece that's ashore,
 They search from the bore;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather;
 Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a boom huzza, a boom huzza, a boom huzza,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old Vulcan for Mars
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster:
 But Mars, had he been
 Upon our Woolwich green,
 To have heard boom huzza, boom huzza, boom huzza,
 He'd have own'd great Marlboro' his master.

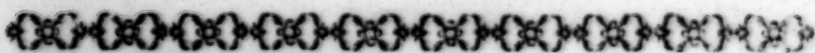


WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
 Put the glass then around with the fun, boys;
 Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
 Unknown to Turk and the Persian:
 Let Mahometan fools
 Live by heath'nish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
 While the brave Britons sing,
 And drink healths to their king,
 And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight ;
 While the fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly ;
 Fickle woman to marry implore,
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end !
 When I do, may I never drink more.



JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Chloe when just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

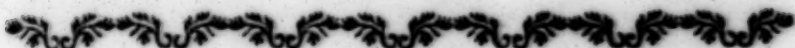
Alexander hated thinking ;
 Drank about at council-board ;
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.



IF you at an office solicit a due,
 And would not have matters neglected ;

You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

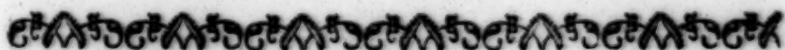
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has the palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent ;
That reason with all is prevailing.



SUM up all the delights this world does produce,
The darling allurements now chiefly in use ;
You'll find, if compar'd, there's none can contend
With the solid enjoyments of a bottle and friend.

For honour, for wealth, and beauty may waste ;
These joys often fade, and rarely do last ;
They're so hard to attain, and so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and cost.

None but wine and true friendship are lasting and sure,
From jealousy free, and from envy secure ;
Then fill all the glasses until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine are the charms we adore.



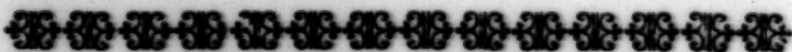
'TIS wine that clears the understanding,
Makes men learned without books,
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives soldiers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens the beauties of the fair ;

Truth from falsehood it discovers,
 Quickens joys, and conquers care.
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
 Fit us for all glorious things ;
 When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire
 At flights above the reach of kings.
 With a fa la, la, la, &c.

Bring in bonum magnums plenty,
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;
 None to flinch till they be empty,
 And full fifty toasts gone round.
 With a fa la, la, la, &c.



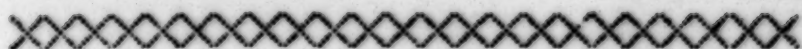
YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From love's imperial chain,
 Take warning, and be taught by me,
 T' avoid th' enchanting pain.

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove ;
 To careless seamen, hidden rocks ;
 To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,
 The snake's beneath the flow'r ;
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
 That tasted quiet more ?

How short-liv'd is the lover's joy,
 How constant is their care ;

The kind with falsehood to destroy,
The cruel with despair ?



IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate, in a country and town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

C H O R U S.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country-town, by a murmuring brook,
With the sea at a distance, on which I may look ;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
And clean though coarse linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy's wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
And when I am dead, may the better fort say,

In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when mellow,
 He is gone, and han't left behind him his fellow.
 For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

AURELIA, now one moment lost,
 A thousand sighs may after cost ;
 Desires may oft return in vain,
 But youth will ne'er return again.
 The fragrant sweets which do adorn
 The glowing blushes of the morn,
 By noon are vanish'd all away,
 Then let's Aurelia live to-day.

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
 Learn to give and take the bliss ;
 Come, my love, here's none but we,
 I'll instruct thee how to kiss.
 Why turn from me that dear face ?
 Why that blush and downcast eye ?
 Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
 And the mutual rapture try.
 Throw thy lovely twining arms
 Round my neck or round my waist ;
 And whilst I devour thy charms,
 Let me closely be embrac'd.
 Then when soft ideas rise,
 And your gay desires grow strong ;

Let them sparkle in thine eyes,
 Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
 Look with transport on my face ;
 Kiss me, press me, every thing
 To endear the fond embrace ;
 Every tender name of love,
 In soft whispers let me hear,
 And let speaking nature prove
 Every ecstacy sincere.



SEE, see ! the jolly god appears,
 His hand a mighty goblet bears ;
 With sparkling wine full charg'd it flows,
 The sovereign cure of human woes.
 Wine gives a kind release from care,
 And courage to subdue the fair ;
 Instructs the chearful to advance
 Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
 Hail goblet, rich with generous wines !
 See ! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
 See ! how the mimic clusters roll,
 As ready to refill the bowl.
 Wine keeps its happy patients free
 From every painful malady ;
 Our best physician all the year ;
 Thus guarded no disease we fear ;
 No troublesome disease of mind,
 Until another year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful vine,
 And brings again our health — new wine.

TO Celia thus fond Damon said,
 See here a mossy carpet laid ;
 And then her hand he press'd,
 Free from the world's intruding eye,
 Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy ;
 He look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprise,
 While pleasure sparkled in her eyes ;
 Sure Damon does not mean —
 The shepherd stopt her with a kiss,
 And press'd her panting breast to his,
 My dear, we are not seen.

Then, by a thousand kisses more,
 A thousand tender oaths he swore,
 His love should never end.
 She call'd on all the powers above,
 None heard her but the god of love ;
 And he was Damon's friend.

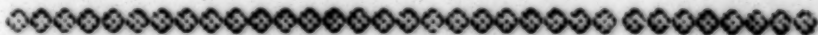


'TIS liberty, dear liberty alone,
 That gives fresh beauty to the sun,
 That bids all nature look more gay,
 And lovely life with pleasure steal away,
 And lovely, &c.

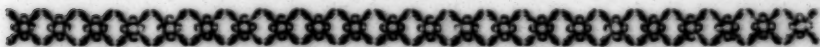


ARISE, sweet messenger of the morn,
 With thy mild beams this isle adorn ;
 For long as shepherds sport and play,
 'Tis this shall be a holyday.

Come all ye honest British souls,
Let love and honour crown your bowls ;
Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
This source of many a holyday.



The tongue and the heart are two factions
We scarce reconcile till made brides ;
Like statesmen, our speeches and actions
Have commonly contrary sides.



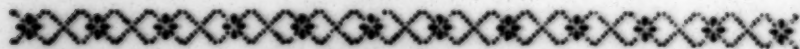
While at the first you cruel prov'd ;
Now grant the bliss too late ;

You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made,
But when your falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer staid.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brads.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone?

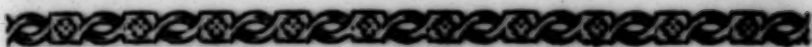


FAIR ones, while your beauty's blooming,
Use your time, lest age refusing
What your youth profusely lends,
You're depriv'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.



CALMS appear when storms are past,
Love will have his hour at last;
Nature is my kindly care,
Mars destroys, and I repair.

Take me, take me while you may,
 Venus comes not every day.
 Take me, &c.



YES, all the world will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest ;

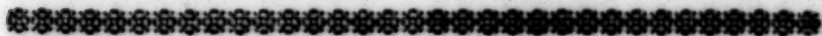
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one, who has been so long
 My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd,
 That were for public good design'd :

Could we, in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our corn and grafs away,
 And starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
 Two souls which passion does unite ;

For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past ?



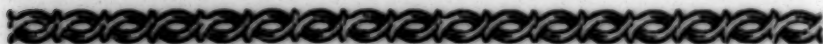
ON his face the vernal rose,
 Blended with the lily, glows ;
 His locks are as the raven's black,
 In ringlets waving down his back ;
 His eyes with milder beauties beam,
 Than billing doves beside the stream :

His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs ;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with fragrant dew ;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.



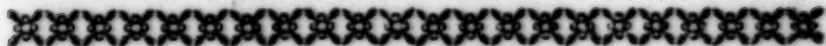
WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind ;
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine :
But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling champaign ;
So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I see,
I freely quit my friends for thee ;
Persuasive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again :
But when thou art cruel, and heed'st not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;
So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.



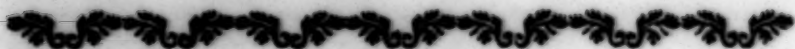
HERE, my Chloe, charming maid !
Here, beneath the genial shade,
Shielded from each ruder wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd !

Lo, for thee the balmy breeze
 Gently fans the waving trees !
 Streams that whisper through the grove,
 Whisper low the voice of love.
 Sweetly bubbling wanton sport,
 Where persuasion holds her court.
 Ye who pass th' enamell'd grove,
 Through the rustling shade who rove,
 Sure my bliss your breast must fire !
 Can you see, and not admire ?



UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid ;
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing ;
 What should I do, but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, love, nay, fill it up,
 And, mingled, cast into the cup
 Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay,
 In a smooth than rugged way ;
 Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments show'r ?
 Noble wines why do we pour ?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread
 Upon the mon'uments of the dead ?

Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give :
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have ;
 All are stoics in the grave.



LET foldiers fight for pay or praise,
 And money be the misers wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
 Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear,
 Pure wine is native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull,
 Opens the heart that loves to fave,
 And kindness flows from cups brim full.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk ;
 Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
 But they want nothing that are drunk.
 'Tis wine, &c.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
 The one fam'd in music, the other in wine,
 In heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,
 Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most divine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun us and rack us,
 Did claret not soften the discord you make;
 Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,
 Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from melancholy,
 Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string?
 Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, c'o often contribute
 To purchase a bottle before they do swing.

In love I am noted, by old and young courted;
 A girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won;
 So great are the motions of one of my potions,
 The muses, though maids, I could whore ev'ry one.

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,
 To me, as a father, for succour they cry;
 In their sad condition, I hear their petition;
 A bottle relieves the oppress'd votary.

Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and fluting,
 Aside lay your harp, and bow down to the flask;
 My joys they are riper than songs from a piper,
 What music is sweeter than sounding a cask?

Says Phœbus, This fellow, is drunk sure, or mellow,
 To prize music less than wine and october,
 Since those who love drinking are void of all thinking,
 And want so much sense as to keep themselves sober.

Thus while they were wrangling, disputing, and jangling,
 Came buxom bright Venus to end the dispute:

Says she, Now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a bottle and charm'd with a flute.

Your music has charm'd me, your wine has alarm'd me,
When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won;
When both have been moving, I could not help loving,
And wine has completed what music begun.

The gods, struck with wonder, declar'd by Jove's
thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying love's flame;
So each in their function, mov'd on in conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasure the amorous dame.



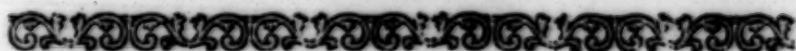
WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;
To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
His bags to increase, he his health makes decay;
Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

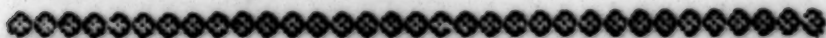
All chearful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd;
Thus Bacchus invites us, thus Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See, here's our physician, we know no ambition,
For where there's good wine and good company found,
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

PRITHEE, fill me a glafs,
 Till it laughs in my face,
 With ale that is potent and mellow ;
 He that whines for a lafs,
 Is an ignorant afs,
 For a bumper has not its fellow.

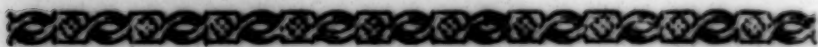


NAY, Lesbia, never ask me this,
 How many kisses will suffice ?
 Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell,
 Exceeding hard ; for you as well
 May ask what fums of gold suffice
 The greedy miser's boundless wish :
 Think what drops the ocean store,
 With all the sands that make its shore :
 Think what spangles deck the skies,
 When heaven looks with all its eyes :
 Or think how many atoms came
 To compose this mighty frame :
 Let all these the counters be,
 To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee :
 Till no malicious spy can guess
 To what vast height the scores arise ;
 Till weak arithmetic grow scant,
 And numbers for the reck'ning want ;
 All these will hardly be enough
 For me stark staring mad with love.



AS late of flow'rets fresh and fair,
 I wove a chaplet for my hair,

Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
 The wanton god of love I spy'd ;
 I seiz'd him, resolute of foul,
 And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,
 Resolv'd to have a draught divine,
 And fairly swallow'd him in wine :
 E'er since his fluttering wings impart
 Strange titillations to my heart.



JULIA, young wanton, flung the gather'd snow,
 Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow :
 'Tis cold, I cry'd, but ah ! too soon I found,
 Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.

Resistless fair ! we fly thy power in vain,
 Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain ;
 Burn, Julia, burn like me, and that desire
 With water which thou kindest, quench with fire.



OBERVE the rose-bud ere it blows,
 While the dawn glimmers o'er the sky !
 Observe its filken leaves unfold,
 As fond of day's majestic eye !

At noon, more bold, in fullest bloom,
 It spreads a gale of sweets around ;
 At eve it mourns the setting sun,
 And sheds its honour on the ground.

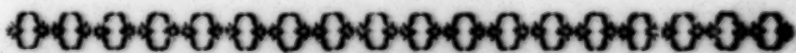
So beauty's bashful bud appears,
 So blushes in the eye of praise :

So ripens in the noon of life,
And wither'd so in age decays.

Time is the canker-worm of youth,
It bites the blossom as it grows,
It blasts the flow'r that blooms at full,
And rudely sheds the falling rose.

See, beauty, see ! how love and joy
On youth's light pinions haste away ;
How swift the moments glide along,
And age advances with delay !

Now, beauty, crop the rose-bud now,
And catch the essence as it flies ;
Let pleasure revel in its bloom,
Let time possess it when it dies.



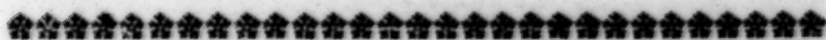
FOR shame, leave off thy amorous trade,
Nor strive to prove a second maid ;
Not patch, nor paint, nor all your arts
Can captivate the youngsters hearts ;
Then why d'ye sigh, or wish it dark,
Frequent the playhouse and the park ;
Or with your wither'd cheeks appear
Among so many moons a star ?
When, Chloris, after all you'll be
An old coquet of threescore-three.
Phillis indeed may take the air,
Or to St James's shades repair ;
In her the blooming graces shine,
And ev'ry blush appears divine ;

Venus herself attends unseen,
 Whene'er she trips it o'er the green.
 Such sports to youthful nymphs belong,
 And all the junior choir become ;
 But ah ! old mother, fie on thee,
 Thou wither'd wretch of sixty-three !
 To Phillis all these sports resign,
 The mall, the park, the blushing wine.
 Take warning now, and aim no higher,
 Go seek a rug and court the fire,
 And cast aside the amorous lyre.

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HE's equal to the gods in bliss,
 Or tastes superior happiness,
 Who may pleasant with you sit,
 View your beauties, hear your wit,
 And see you sweetly smile :
 'Tis transport ! ecstasy ! my heart
 Beats, and struggles to depart ;
 In vain the falt'ring accents rise,
 My breath evaporates in sighs,
 I'm speechless all the while.
 A gentle heat shoots through my veins,
 And thrilling kindles pleasing pains ;
 The dancing objects disappear,
 And undistinguish'd sounds I hear,
 My flutt'ring spirits fly ;
 In chilling sweats my senses swim,
 Soft trembling seizes every limb ;
 I'm paler than the wither'd grass,
 I'm breathless, motionless, alas !
 I sicken, and I die !

HAIL, Indian plant, to ancient times unknown,
 A modern truly thou, and all our own.
 If through the tube thy virtues be convey'd,
 Thou th' old man's solace art, the student's aid ;
 Thou dear concomitant of nappy ale ;
 Thou sweet prolonger of a harmless tale :
 And if, when pulveriz'd in smart rapee,
 Thou reach'st Sir Fopling's brain, — if brain there be ;
 He shines in dedications, poems, plays,
 Soars in pindarics, and asserts the bays.
 Thus dost thou ev'ry taste and fancy hit ;
 In smoke thou'rt wisdom, and in snuff thou'rt wit.



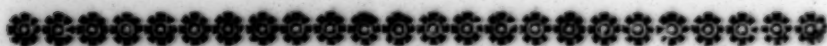
OUR hearts at fifty, Cælia still alarms ;
 Blooming till thirty, she at fifty charms :
 While of the famous toasts a younger train
 Have rose to empire, and have set again.

The oak thus through an age in pomp appears,
 And boasts its glories at an hundred years :
 While the gay gaudy flowers of a day,
 Quickly spring up, and quickly fade away.

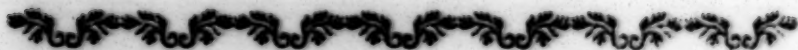


WHAT tortures strange does Cælia make me prove ?
 Nor happy, nor unhappy in my love :
 When she is willing, then I shun the joy ;
 When I am willing, Cælia is as coy :
 Both are in love ; — who then could happier be ? —
 But just when I love her, she loves not me :
 When with a glowing heat my heart's possess'd,
 An icy frost has chill'd my Cælia's breast :

And when in mine there does a coldness reign,
 My varying Cælia's revives again.
 Why does my summer Cælia's winter prove ?
 Why rises love from scorn, and scorn from love ?
 Ah ! Cupid, end this jest, my riddling boy,
 Make me less am'rous, or make her less coy :
 Burn or freeze both, that both our breasts may hold
 A mutual fire, or else a mutual cold.



ON purple tapestry, brisk and gay
 With wine, at night I sleeping lay,
 'Midst virgins, sporting on the plain
 A swift long course I seem'd to strain.
 Some boys more swift than Bacchus near,
 Envyng my pastime with the fair,
 In laughter loud, and bitter jest,
 The malice of their hearts exprest.
 The girls I strove to kiss, but they,
 With sleep, fled from me all away.
 Thus left alone, and sad, I fain
 Would close my eyes to sleep again.

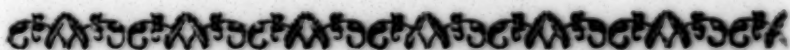


GYGES' grandeur, Sardinian king,
 Care to me can never bring.
 Ne'er in gold's bright fetters bound,
 Can I envy tyrants crown'd.
 With rich oils my beard and hair
 To perfume, is my chief care :

My chief care with roses twin'd
 Is my fragrant brows to bind.
 All my care this instant now
 Claims : to-morrow who can know ?
 Whilst the sky's serene and gay,
 Drink, then drink, I say, and play.
 Due libations, this bright hour,
 Sacred to Lyæus pour ;
 Ere Disease with sudden pain
 Cry, Thou ne'er must drink again.



AT the sign of the sun,
 As sure as a gun,
 You'll find us inspired with port ;
 Without children or wives,
 To ruffle our lives,
 And free from dependence at court.
 Thus, by freedom and wine,
 Like suns we all shine ;
 And when you shall our footsteps have trod,
 With each gen'rous soul,
 Your fame we'll enroll,
 And adopt you the son of our god.



EACH fleeting minute Sylvia tries
 Some curious delicate disguise.
 Now she bills like any dove,
 And cooes, and cooes, and cooes out love.
 Frowns succeed — she bids her swain
 Never think she'll love again.

Now she's coy, and now she's free ;
 Now she will, and won't agree :
 Now she's vex'd, — and now she's pleas'd ;
 Now she won't, — yet will be teas'd.
 A constant slave for something new,
 To plague herself as well as you.
 Sylvia, then, — to ease your care,
 Try for once to be sincere.
 Believe, — however hard the task,
 Your sex can't wear a surer mask.

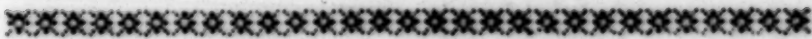


WHY should a heart so tender break ?
 O Myra ! give its anguish ease :
 The use of beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex, but please.
 Those lips for smiling were design'd,
 That bosom to be prest,
 Your eyes to languish and look kind,
 For am'rous arms your waste.
 Each thing has its appointed right
 Establish'd by the powers above ;
 The sun and stars give warmth and light,
 The fair distribute love.



FILL, fill, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,
 And let me gratify my soul :
 I faint with thirst, — the heat of day
 Has drunk my very life away.
 O ! lead me to yon cooling bowers,
 And give me fresher wreaths of flowers ;

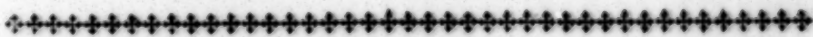
For those that now my temples shade,
 Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade ;
 But, O my heart ! what can remove,
 What wines, what shades, this heat of love ?
 These are all vain, alas ! I find ;
 Love is the fever of the mind.



IMPATIENT with desire, at last,
 I ventur'd to lay form aside :
 'Twas I was modest, not she chaste ;
 Celia so gently press'd comply'd

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear ;
 Say, love, how came your slave so dull
 To read no better there ?

Thus to ourselves the greatest foes,
 Although the nymph be well inclin'd,
 For want of courage to propose,
 By our own folly she's unkind.



LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
 By ignorance, by expectation fed ;
 Destroy'd by knowledge, and at best
 Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

THE praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
fung ;

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain :

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

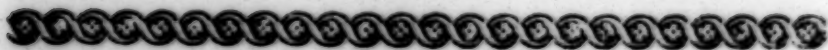
Drinking is the foldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure :

Sweet is the pleasure after pain.

Chorus. Bacchus blessings, &c.



SWEET, O! sweet,
To gratify the passion,
When led by inclination
A fond desiring maid to greet ;

Whose bright eyes
With ecstasy do languish,
Whose breasts shew pleasing anguish,
And air, a soft surprise.

What's so sweet,
So full of rapt'rous pleasure,
Transported above measure,
To clasp my only treasure,
When by consent we meet ?

}

CLARISSA's charms poor Strephon struck ;
He fain would have been billing :
But yet the fair the lad forfook,
To show her power of killing.

Forth from her eyes such beauties start,
They mortal man confounded :
The youths were whipp'd quite through the heart,
Ere they knew they were wounded.

But when old Time, with scythe so sharp,
Had cross the forehead struck her,
And ev'ry charm began to warp,
The striplings all forfook her.

Oh ! then the hag began to curse,
Her time she pass'd no better ;
Yet still before that bad grew worse,
She hop'd some youth would take her.

But hopes are vain when beauty's gone ;
No lovers now assail her ;
We never into prison run,
But when we like the jailor.

Then, cruel fair ones, think how soon
You'll this sad case remember ;
The bedfellow you hate in June,
Would warm you in December.

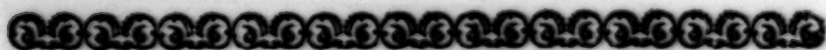


WHEN tuneful Damon breath'd the flute,
How ev'ry heart did beat !

The waters hush'd, the birds were mute,
Nor could th' unequal strains dispute,
The music was so sweet.

The list'ning virgins flock'd around,
Whilst the inchanter play'd,
They blush'd, and trembled at the sound,
Whilst ev'ry tender finger crown'd
Him monarch of the shade.

The lovely victor smiling lay,
His triumph to survey ;
He threw his breathless pipe aside,
And his more grateful lips employ'd,
To please a better way.



WHEN a comet presumes
To sweep heaven's rooms,
With a tail as long as a besom ;
Astrologers shew,
And mortals all know,
Some strange thing will vex or else please 'em.

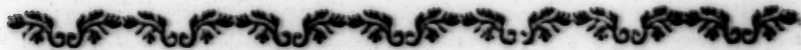
But fear not, my friends,
What this comet portends ;
For if any wonders befall,
They will be for the best,
It must be confest,
Or no wonders can happen at all.



WHEN I drain th' oblivious bowl,
Pleasures wing my raptur'd soul,

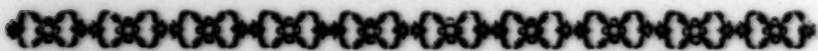
My tongue, which love and wine inspire,
 By turns relieves the silver lyre.
 When Bacchus fires me with delight,
 Grief shakes her sable wings for flight;
 And wrinkling cares then wing their way
 To winds that tempest all the sea.
 Be it fair abroad, or foul,
 All is fair within my soul.
 When I swill the rosy show'r,
 Life exerts her ev'ry pow'r.
 Bacchus, full of mirthful play,
 Ever smiling, ever gay,
 His round, plump, chearful face does shine,
 Rosy bright with rosy wine.
 To the blissful bow'r I fly,
 With the fair to crown my joy.
 When the nectar streams I taste,
 With rosy wreaths my temples grac'd,
 Smiling, gay, my soul serene,
 Of life I sing the various scene.
 When in wine I drown my woes,
 Balmy fragrance round me flows;
 While to my breast the fair does cling,
 Of beauty, and of love I sing.

When the wreath'd rosy bowl I drain,
 Pleasures dart through ev'ry vein;
 My free soul at large expands,
 In dance I join the choral bands.



UNEASY we to feel the dart!
 Uneasy not to feel the smart!

Uneasy most to feel the pain
 Of love, when not belov'd again !
 Love, birth and empty honour scorns ;
 Love, beauty, wit, and science spurns ;
 'Tis gold alone the fair one warms ;
 'Tis gold alone the fancy charms ;
 'Tis gold that all their graces share ;
 'Tis gold engrosses all the fair.
 All plagues in one, oh ! may he prove !
 Despairing, sigh his last in love ;
 Burn on, unpitied, to the end,
 With none his passion to befriend,
 Who first made gold the cursed pledge
 In love, to sunder hearts the wedge.
 Gold ! that seeds of strife does sow,
 Which 'mong friends and kindred grow ;
 Gold ! that causes endless jars ;
 Gold ! that fires immortal wars ;
 Gold ! that deforms th' embattl'd plain
 With seas of blood, and hills of slain ;
 And (what's more fatal to behold)
 Victims we lovers fall to gold !



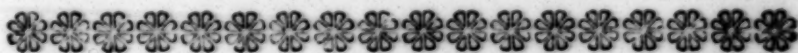
HERE's to thee, my Damon, let's drink and be merry,
 And drown all our cares in full bumpers of
 sherry ;

Commit ev'ry care to the guardians above,
 And we'll live like immortals in pleasure and love.
 Here's Phillis's health, lo ! the liquor flows higher ;
 'Tis Phillis's name that awakens the fire :
 Since the liquor is clear, let our eloquence shine,
 And fancy be brisk, as the sparkling wine.

Ye nymphs, and ye graces, ye Cupids, ye swains,
 Go pluck the sweet roses, the pride of the plains;
 Pluck only such roses are worthy the fair,
 And weave her a chaplet with diligent care:
 While to yon cool poplar's kind shade we retire,
 To melt in embraces and mingle our fire;
 In languishing blisses, we'll live, and we'll die.
 She'll melt in the flames that I catch at her eye.

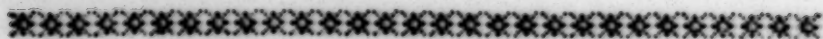


SAY, good master Bacchus, astride on your butt,
 Since our champagne's all gone, and our claret's
 run out,
 Which of all the brisk wines in your empire that grow,
 Will serve to delight your poor drunkards below?
 Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,
 Lest we die of the sin of being too sober.



THE wealth of Gyges I despise,
 Gems have no charms to tempt the wise;
 Riches I leave, and such vain things,
 To the low aim and pride of kings.
 Let my bright hair with unguents flow,
 With rosy garlands crown my brow:
 This fun shall roll in joy away;
 To-morrow is a distant day.
 Then while the hour serenely shines,
 Toss the gay dye, and quaff thy wines;
 But ever, in the genial hour,
 To Bacchus the libation pour,

Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man, — taste no more the cup of joy.



THE mountain of the Delphian god,
You see, is wrapp'd in sheets of snow ;
The trees sustaining scarce their load,
Their hoary heads dejected bow ;
And glew'd with ice unto the shore,
The active streams can roll no more.

With rousing fires the cold destroy,
And set about the flowing bowl ;
Bleed ev'ry grape to give us joy,
To cherish and exalt the soul.
Hereafter to the gods resign ;
Be theirs the care, enjoyment thine.

To them this earth, their foot-ball, leave,
To kick and tumble as they please ;
From them the storms permission have,
To box about the roaring seas ;
Yet still subjected to their will,
If they but nod, are hush and still.

To-morrow and its cares despise,
The present moment is thy own ;
Then snatch it quickly ere it flies,
And score it up as clearly won ;
Nor scruple to indulge the fire
Of youthful love, and gay desire.

Old age will quickly pall the taste,
And blunt the edge of sprightly joys,

With dozing sadness fill the breast,
 And give no relish but for toys.
 Youth is alone the time can prove
 Delights of exercise, or love.

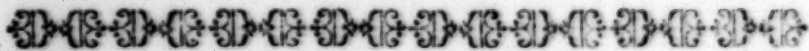
The gentle talk, the soft embrace,
 In some retir'd and dusky shade;
 The feigning hidden maid to trace,
 By her own treach'rous laugh betray'd:
 Be these thy care, thy business still;
 Such pleasures youth alone can feel.

And when, with struggling in your arms,
 The leering, little, roguish thing
 Is rous'd, and flushing all with charms,
 Secure her hand, and snatch her ring;
 Then all her frowns are but a blind,
 'Tis pledge enough she will be kind.

A Curse attends that woman's love,
 Who always would be pleasing;
 The pertness of the billing dove,
 Like tickling, is but teasing.
 What then in love can woman do?
 If we grow fond, they shun us,
 And when we fly them, they pursue,
 But leave us when they've won us.

COME to my arms, my treasure,
 Thou spring of all my joy,

Without thy aid all pleasure
 Must languish, fade, and die.
 In vain is all resistance,
 When arm'd with thy assistance,
 What fair one can deny?
 Then fill around the glasses,
 And thus we'll drink and chant,
 May all the dear, kind lasses
 Have all they wish or want.

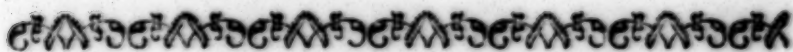


WOMAN, nature's greatest beauty,
 Was alone design'd for man;
 It therefore is each mortal's duty,
 To enjoy it whilst he can.
 No more denying,
 Be complying,
 Joys are nigh you,
 Youth will fly you,
 For our life is but a span.
 For, &c.

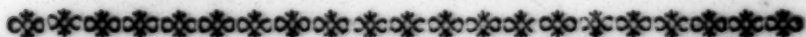


Ask old mortals past the pleasure,
 If they would be young again,
 They'd give their golden heaps of treasure,
 But they must desire in vain.
 Always whining,
 Ever pining,
 Always sighing,
 Ever crying,
 Oh! that I were young again.
 Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, charmer, ease me
 Whilst thy beauty's in its prime ;
 The joys I'm sure I know will please thee,
 And no more be call'd a crime.
 Melting blisses,
 Dying kisses,
 Hearts inviting,
 Souls uniting,
 All excites the happy time.
 All, &c.

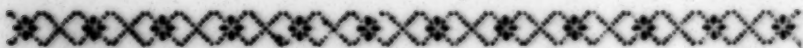


'TIS woman that seduces all mankind ;
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
 Her very eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
 And practise every fraud to bribe her charms,
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

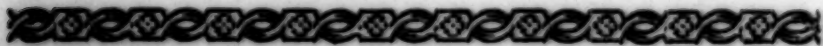


THE doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
 Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score ;
 Of all the best drugs the dispensaries taught,
 'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more :
 But here's the juice
 Of sovereign use,
 'Twill cure your distempers whatever they be,
 In body or spirit,
 Where-ever you bear it ;
 Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors if trick'd of your pelf,
 Your losses a dose of good claret can heal ;
 Or if you have been a director yourself,
 'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel,
 Stocks fall or rise,
 Tell truth or lies,
 Your fame and your fortune here remedy find ;
 If Sylvia be cruel,
 Take this water-gruel,
 'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.



VENUS, queen of smiles and love,
 Quit, O, quit the skies above !
 To my lowly roof descend,
 At the mirthful feast attend ;
 Hand the golden goblet round,
 With delicious nectar crown'd :
 None but joyous friends you'll see,
 Friends of Venus and of me.



WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin
 Your heart, like mine to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin
 Of unchaste lawless love.
 How can that passion be a sin,
 Which gave to Chloe birth ?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which make a heav'n on earth ?

To wed, mankind the priests trepann'd,
 By some sly fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 Increase and multiply.

You say, that love's a crime, content;
 Yet this allow you must,
 More joy's in heaven when one repents,
 Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heav'n's sake,
 Repent, and be forgiv'n;
 Bless me, and by repentance make
 A holyday in heav'n.

=====

JOLLY souls, that are gen'rous and free,
 And true vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
 To great Bacchus' shrine let's repair,
 And a bottle or two offer there.

CHORUS.

Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
 Our bottle at night gives joy and delight,
 And drowns all the drousy fatigues of the day.

Let the griping old usurer pine,
 Let the lover call Phillis divine,
 Let each man what he fancies command,
 My delight's in my bottle and friend.
 Exempt from, &c.

O what joy from the bottle there springs!
 It can make us greater than kings;

If our spirits by grief are oppress'd,
 Wine alone can procure us some rest.
 Exempt from, &c.

Great influence has wine over love,
 And the coy can make kinder to prove ;
 Though the nymph very slighting denies,
 It discovers the truth in her eyes.
 Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all heroes in brief,
 And the wretched forget all his grief ;
 It inspires the gallant and brave,
 And freedom can give to the slave.

CHORUS.

Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay ;
 Our bottle at night gives us joy and delight,
 And drowns all the drousy fatigues of the day.



IT is not, Celia, in our power,
 To say how long our love will last ;
 It may be we within this hour
 May lose the joys we now do taste :
 The blessed, that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last ;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past :

Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now shall then prevail,
And passion turn into respect:
Celia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend.

BELINDA's blest'd with ev'ry grace;
See beauty triumphs in her face:
Her charms such lively rays display,
They kindle darkness into day.
When she appears, all sorrow flies,
And gladness sparkles in our eyes:
Around her wait the flutt'ring loves,
When graceful in the dance she moves.

THE foldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
May talk of his wars and his suff'rings so hard;
But tho' seam'd o'er with scars, and with never a leg,
His wants we neglect, nor his courage regard;
And the lass that is poor,
Is sent for a whore,
With hemp and with hammer to make her complaint:
But if you have money,
All honours are done ye,
A coward's a hero, a whore is a saint.

THUS I stand like a Turk with his doxies all round,
 From all sides their glances his passion confound ;
 For black, brown, and fair his inconstancy burns,
 And diff'rent beauties subdue him by turns ;
 Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
 Though willing to all, but with one he retires :
 Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
 The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow.



OLD Adam, it is true,
 No care in Eden knew,
 Yet his sons live more gay and airy ;
 For he tippled water,
 While we, who come after,
 Drink claret and rosy Canary.

Then let each take his glass,
 And drink to his lass,
 But ne'er be a slave unto either ;
 For they are only wise,
 Who both equally prize,
 And join Bacchus and Venus together,

Whenever thus they meet,
 All our joys are complete,
 And our jollity ne'er can expire ;
 They our faculties warm,
 And us mutually charm,
 While each from the other takes fire.



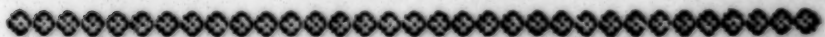
NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast
 She makes me love in vain ;

That man's a fool, when once he's crost,
 If e'er he loves again.
 To pine, or whine, I never can,
 Nor tell her I must die;
 'Tis something so beneath a man,
 I cannot, no, not I.

Though, Phillis, you have charms enow
 To conquer where you please,
 You care not if my heart you bow
 To such like loves as these.
 But if to me some hopes you'll give,
 That happy I shall be,
 I'll love my Phillis whilst I live,
 And think of none but she.



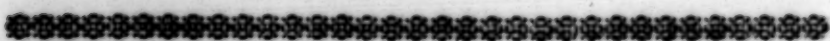
WOMAN's like the flatt'ring ocean,
 Who her pathless ways can find?
 Ev'ry blast directs her motion,
 Now she's angry, now she's kind.
 What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
 Whirl'd and tofs'd by every wind?
 Can the barque the port recover,
 When the silly pilot's blind?



TELL me not Celia once did bless
 Another mortal's arms;
 That cannot make my passion less,
 Nor mitigate her charms.

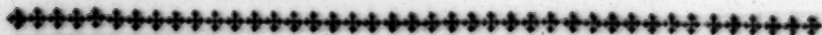
Shall I refuse to quench my thirst,
 Depending life to save,
 Because some drouhty shepherd first
 Has kiss'd the smiling wave.

No, no ; methinks 'tis wondrous great,
 And suits a noble blood,
 To have in love, as well as state,
 A taster to our food.



WHO, to win a woman's favour,
 Would solicit long in vain ?
 Who, to gain a moment's pleasure,
 Would endure an age of pain ?
 Idly toying,
 Ne'er enjoying,
 Pleas'd with suing,
 Fond of ruin,
 Made the martyr of disdain.

Give me love, the beauteous rover,
 Whom a gen'ral passion warms,
 Fondly blessing ev'ry lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her charms :
 Never flying,
 Still complying,
 Fond to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy arms.



THE hounds are all out, and the morning does peep,
 Why how now you sluggardly sot ?

How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback have got ?
Brave boys, while we all on horseback, &c.

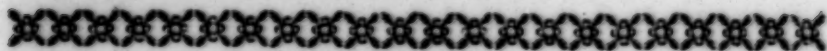
I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup
So terribly lies in my head ;
Beside, my wife cries, My dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer a-bed.
Dear boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all our vapours away.
Brave boys, will chase, &c.



GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire !
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms, and heroes slain in fight :
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair !
Boy, reach that volume, — book divine !
The statutes of the god of wine !
He, legislator, statutes draws,
And I, his judge, enforce his laws ;
And faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his vot'ries to be just :
Thus round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise ;
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound ;

Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.



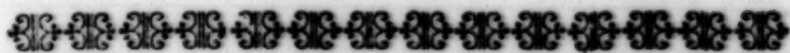
IF the glasses are empty,
Fill again, my soul's a-dry ;
Sure such wine as this will tempt ye,
To carouse in sympathy.
Thirsty souls, like plants expiring,
Moisture ever are desiring ;
Thus caressing
Nature's blessing,
We'll the sober world defy.

See the bottle, how its beauty
Smiles in every ruby face ;
We to Bacchus owe a duty,
Drink, brave heroes, drink apace.
Could the globe be fill'd with claret,
Souls like mine would never spare it ;
Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,
We'd the happy hours embrace.



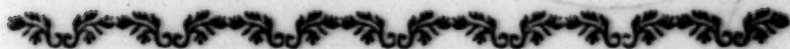
CELIA, thou fairest of the fair,
Those eyes such pointed arrows bear,
To dart defiance round ;
Thus to go arm'd in you is vain,
Whose very frown, or cold disdain,
Can kill without a wound.

Then be not, Celia, thus disgrac'd,
Let swords on fitter limbs be plac'd ;
From such rough acts desist :
Unarmed you can conquer more,
Nor can great Mars, with all his pow'r,
Your naked force resist.



THUS we'll drown all melancholy
In a glass of gen'rous wine ;
Let dull fools indulge their folly,
And at cares of life repine.

But the brave and noble spirit
Scorns such mean ignoble views ;
Whilst the world proclaims his merit,
He sublimer joys pursues.



PRITHEE, Chloe, give o'er,
And perplex me no more,
For, my charmer, it looks very queerly,
That in blooming fifteen,
Thou'rt afraid to be seen
By a shepherd who loves thee most dearly.

When with speed I pursue,
Intending to woo,
And tell thee how much I'm a lover,
Like a fearful young lamb
Who runs after its dam,
So thou fliest away to thy mother.

I know't has been told,
 That the patriarchs of old
 Spent threeſcore years in their wooing ;
 'Twas no wonder then,
 That a nymph of fifteen
 Should be coy when a ſwain was purſuing.

But, my charmer, I vow,
 'Tis a miracle now,
 That a nymph in her teens ſhould fly any,
 When I dare now engage,
 Not a man in the age
 But thinks threeſcore days are too many.

Then prithee, my joy,
 No longer be coy,
 But let am'rous deſires inflame ye ;
 Surrender thy charms,
 Take me to thy arms,
 And thou'lt ſoon love me better than mammy.

FROM good liquor ne'er ſhrink,
 In friendship we'll drink,
 And drown all grim care and pale ſorrow ;
 Let us huſband to-day,
 Time flies ſwift away,
 And no one's aſſur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the grave fages
 That grac'd the paſt ages,
 Dad Noah the moſt did excel ;
 He firſt planted the vine,
 Firſt taſted the wine,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?
 Thus I fill up my glass,
 I'll see that it pass,
 To the manes of that good old fire.



BACCHUS, one day gaily striding
 On his never-failing ton,
 Sneaking, empty flasks deriding,
 Thus address'd each toping son :
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid shrine ;
 All things noble, gay, and airy,
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.
 Pristine heroes, crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me ;
 Homer wrote the flaming story,
 Fir'd by my divinity :
 If my influence be wanting,
 Music's charms but slowly move ;
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,
 Till I fill the swains with love.
 If you crave a lasting pleasure,
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes ;
 From my ever-flowing treasure
 Charming scenes of bliss arise :
 Here's the soothing, balmy blessing,
 Sole dispeller of your pain ;
 Gloomy souls from care releasing ;
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

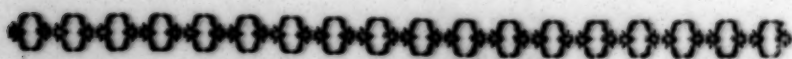
MY goddess, Celia, heav'nly fair,
 As lilies sweet, as soft as air ;
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on those bright eyes,
 Though sacred lightning from them flies :
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss ;
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasures all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white !
 (The milky way is not so bright),
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
 Thou art all over endless charms !
 O, take me, dying, to thy arms !



WHEN I survey Clarinda's charms,
 Folded within my circling arms,
 What endless pleasures move along,
 Serenely soft and sweetly strong !
 Ev'ry smile invites to love,
 Balmy kisses,
 Am'rous blisses,
 Ev'ry rising charm improve.

Immortal bliss that ne'er will cloy,
 Always attends her angel form ;
 Softest repose, and blooming joy,
 In her conspire the soul to charm :
 All that joy or love create,
 Beauteous blessing,
 Past expressing,
 Round the tender fair one wait.

Love on her breast has fix'd his throne,
 And Cupid revels in her eyes ;
 Who can the charmer's pow'r disown,
 When in each glance an arrow flies ?
 Yet when wounded we feel no pain,
 No, 'tis pleasure
 Above measure,
 Raptures flow in every vein.



HARK ! hark ! the huntsman sounds his horn,
 Let's tippie away the rosy morn, ton, ton, ton ;
 We'll hunt the bottle from fun to fun,
 And halloo the glasses the course to run.
 Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young toper a huntsman shall be,
 And instead of a green, wear a red livery, ton, ton, &c.
 We'll scorn their bows, their arrows, and guns,
 We'll hunt with long pipes, and ride upon tons.
 Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with tobacco, and follow the cry,
 Till failing of speed, the bottle shall die, ton, ton, &c.

And then for a horn make use of the bell,
Whose clangour shall rouse him, and make him run well.

Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd, we'll merrily sing,
And joining in chorus make the woods ring, ton, ton, &c.
Our game we'll eagerly pursue,
Our glasses filling, our cause renew.

Ton, ton, &c.

Our song shall reach the distant plain,
And echo shall summon the weary swain, ton, ton, &c.
The welcome sport he gladly hears,
His toil and labour no more fears.

Ton, ton, &c.

A pipe he takes, and charges high,
And after the bottle does nimbly fly, ton, ton, &c.
At length, with equal force and speed,
He makes the gen'rous victim bleed.

Ton, ton, &c.

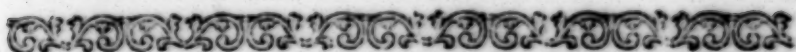
As through the wound the blood does pass,
He boldly ventures to fill his glass, ton, ton, &c.
Nor fears to taste the flowing gore,
But hunting and drinking, still hunts for more.

Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your glasses merrily round,
Since thus supply'd with hare and hound, ton, ton, &c.
While chearful Bacchus leads us on,
We'll follow in chorus with sprightly ton, ton.

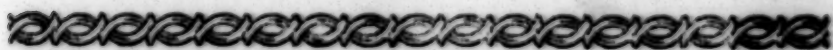
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

BOY, while here I sit supine,
 Bring me water, bring me wine;
 Bring me, to adorn my brow,
 Wreaths of flowers that sweetly blow:
 Love invites, — O let me prove
 The joys of wine, the sweets of love!



GHOSTS of ev'ry occupation,
 Ev'ry rank, and ev'ry nation;
 Some with crimes all foul and spotted,
 Some to happy fates allotted,
 Press the Stygian lake to pass.

Here a soldier roars like thunder,
 Prates of wenches, wine, and plunder;
 Statesmen here the times accusing;
 Poets sense for rhymes abusing;
 Lawyers chatt'ring,
 Courtiers flatt'ring,
 Bullies ranting.
 Zealots canting;
 Knaves and fools of ev'ry class!



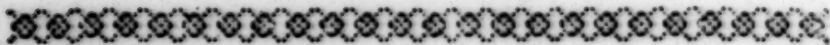
YOU'VE heard, no doubt, how all the globe
 Was foak'd of old with Noah's flood.
 See, here's a globe that holds a sea!
 A sea of liquors twice as good!
 Tol dol de rol.

Had Noah's been a flood like this,
 And Anak's sons such souls as I,

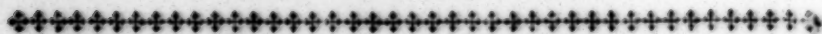
They'd drank the deluge as it rose,
 And left the ark, like Noah, dry.
 Tol dol de rol.



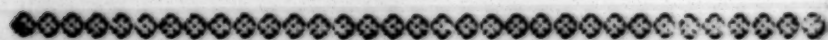
FILL all the glasses, fill 'em high,
 Drink, drink, and defy all power but love,
 Wine gives the slave his liberty;
 But love makes a slave of thund'ring Jove.
 Drink, drink away,
 Make a night of the day,
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.



COME, ever smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund train;
 For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
 With whom eternal pleasures reign.



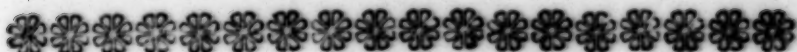
'TIS liberty, dear liberty alone
 That gives fresh beauty to the sun,
 That bids all nature look more gay,
 And lovely life with pleasure steal away.



LET festal joy triumphant reign,
 Glad ev'ry heart in ev'ry face appear;

Free flow the wine, nor flow in vain :
Far fly corroding care.

Each hand the chime melodious raise,
Each voice exult in Sefach's praise ;
Let order vanish ; liberty alone,
Unbounded liberty the night shall crown.



LET the deep bowl thy praise confess,
Thy gifts the gracious giver bless,
Thy gifts, of all the gods bestow,
Improve by use, and sweeter grow ;
Another bowl, 'tis gen'rous wine,
Exalts the human to divine.



MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow ;
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live ;
Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks found,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

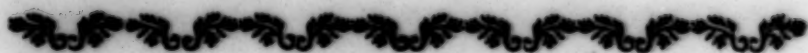
There from mortal cares retiring,
 She resides in sweet retreat ;
 On her pleasure, Jove requiring,
 All the loves and graces wait.

WHEN beauty sorrow's livery wears,
 Our passions take the fair one's part ;
 Love dips his arrows in her tears,
 And sends them pointed to the heart.

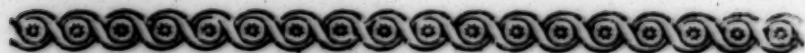
WAR, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think ! it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

BELINDA, see from yonder flow'rs
 The bee flies loaded to its cell :
 Can you perceive what it devours ?
 Are they impair'd in show or smell ?
 So though I robb'd you of a kiss,
 Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
 Why are you angry at my bliss,
 Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
 In spite of your unkind reserve,
 To keep my famish'd love alive,
 Which you inhumanly would starve.



OFT with wanton smiles and jeers,
 Women tell me, I'm in years ;
 I, the mirror when I view,
 Find, alas ! they tell me true ;
 Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
 And regret my falling hair ;
 White and few, alas ! I find,
 All that time has left behind.
 But my hairs, if thus they fall,
 If but few, or none at all,
 Asking not, I'll never share
 Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care,
 This important truth I know,
 If indeed in years I grow,
 I must snatch what life can give ;
 Not to love, is not to live.



FLOCKS are sporting, doves are courting,
 Warbling linnets sweetly sing ;
 Joy and pleasure without measure,
 Kindly hail the glorious spring.

Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,
 Valleys echo back the sound ;
 Dancing, singing, piping, springing,
 Nought but mirth and joy go round.

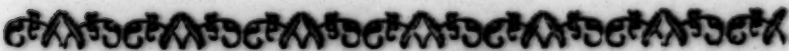
YOUNG virgins love pleasure,
 As misers do treasure,
 And both alike study to heighten the measure ;
 Their hearts they will rifle,
 For ev'ry new trifle ;
 And when in their teens fall in love for a song.
 But soon as they marry,
 And find things miscarry,
 Oh ! how they sigh, that they were not more wary ;
 Instead of soft wooing,
 They run to their ruin,
 And all their lives after drag sorrow along.



IF Phillis denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine :
 Though she laughs at my amorous grief,
 At my mirth why should she repine ?

Brisk sparkling champaign shall remove
 All the griefs my dull soul has in store :
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 By drinking what can I do more ?

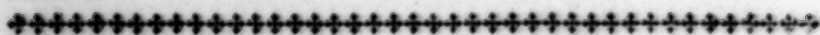
Would Phillis but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows would approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.



SEE, see, my Seraphina comes !
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace,

Look ! gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

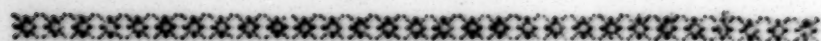
Then search and see, if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph, or goddess, so divine,
As she whom Strephon loves.



OF all the joys we e'er possess,
Love and wine are still the best ;
Sweetly they by turns controul,
Wine the heart, and love the soul.

Wealth and power strive in vain,
Equal happiness to gain.
Wine superior joy doth prove,
And in sober seasons, love.

Of all joys we are possess,
Love and wine are still the best.



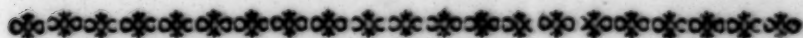
SHE tells me, with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hog'shead whene'er she sees me ;
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.

Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue so to my life's end ;
Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task :
Let her go to the devil ; bring t'other flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear.

Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St James's to pray'rs.

Had she bade me read homilies three times a-day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say :
But at night to deny me my bottle of red,
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

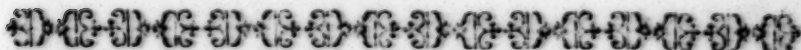


IF wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Chloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasures to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return ;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great,
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite nymph in state.

Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

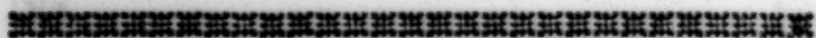


WHEN yielding first to Damon's flames,
I sunk into his arms ;
He swore he'd ever be the same,
Then rifled all my charms.

But, fond of what he long desir'd,
 Too eager of his prey,
 My shepherd's flame, alas ! expir'd
 Before the verge of day.

My innocence of lovers wars,
 Reproach'd his quick defeat ;
 Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in tears,
 I mourn'd his cold retreat.

At length, ah, shepherdess ! cry'd he,
 Would you my fire renew,
 You must, alas, retreat like me,
 I'm lost, if you pursue.



WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
 Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
 And for ever neglecting to live.

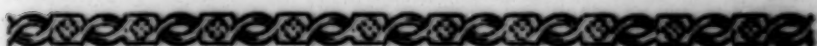
Inviron'd from morning to night in a croud,
 Not a moment unbent or alone ;
 Constrain'd to be abject though never so proud,
 And at ev'ry one's call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still ;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his power,
 But accurs'd with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest :
 He must add to his store this or that petty sum,
 And then he'll have time to be blest.

SINCE drinking has power for to give us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and a pox on all grief;
If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl to the other;
Till, like sons of Apollo, we'll make our wit soar,
Or in homage to Bacchus fall down on the floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,
They each of them lov'd for to toils off their bowls;
Then let's try to shew ourselves men of merit,
By toasting those gods in a bowl of good claret,
And then we shall all be deserving of praise;
But the man that drinks most, shall go off with the bays.

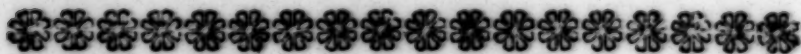


IF the treasur'd gold could give
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And, when death approach'd, would say,
Take thy fee, and walk away:
But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why should I myself deceive,
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.
Give me freely while I live
Generous wines, in plenty give,
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind, and friends sincere;
Happy! could I ever find
Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

AWAY, away,
 We've crown'd the day ;
 The hounds are waiting for their prey ;
 The huntsman's call
 Invites ye all ;
 Come in, boys, while you may.

The jolly horn,
 The rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds ;
 These, my boys,
 Are heav'nly joys ;
 A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.

The horn shall be
 The husband's fee,
 And let him take it not in scorn ;
 The brave and sage,
 In ev'ry age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn.



HE's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,
 Stout, vig'rous, active, and tall ;
 There's none can from danger secure you,
 Like brave gallant Moor of Moorhall.

No giant or knight e'er quell'd him,
 He fills all their hearts with alarms ;
 No virgin yet ever beheld him,
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his arms.

MY joyous blades, with roses crown'd,
 Who quaff bright nectar at its spring,
 Dispute not if the earth goes round,
 But hear a thirsty poet sing.

All take your glasses, charge them high,
 Let bumpers swiftly bumpers chase,
 Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy
 The earth wheel round with rapid pace.



HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or, at least, been as merry as we;
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain?
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
 The fishes ne'er drown, tho' they're always a-drinking.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd?
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd;
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

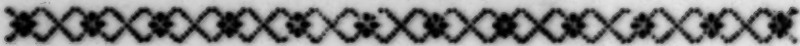


CUPID no more shall give me grief,
 Or anxious cares oppress my soul;
 While gen'rous Bacchus brings relief,
 And drowns them in a flowing bowl.

Celia, thy scorn I now despise,
 Thy boasted empire I disown;

R

This takes the brightness from thine eyes,
And makes it sparkle in my own.

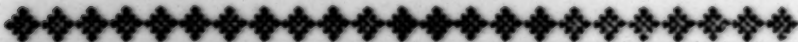


FILL the bowl with flowing measure,
Till it sparkles o'er the brim;
The grave of care, the spring of pleasure,
When the brains in nectar swim.

Fill the bowl with gen'rous wine,
That and women all refine;
And raise mortals to divine.

}

Crown with beauty all your glasses,
Beauty best our pleasures guides;
Give us but wine and blooming lasses,
Take back, ye gods, all gifts besides.



HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song!
The praises given to other wine,
To thee alone belong:
Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou canst the power improve;
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove.

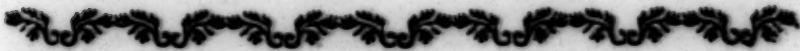
Bright Phœbus on the parent vines,
From whence thy current streams,
Sweet smiling through the tendrils shines,
And lavish darts his beams;
The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains;

With that same warmth our brains inspires,
And animates our strains.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
New sparkling beams receives ;
Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,
Her beauteous bosom heaves :
Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
Oh with what nervous heat,
Worthy the fair, we fill their arms ;
And oft our bliss repeat !

The Stoic, prone to thought intense,
Thy softness can unbind,
A chearful gaiety dispense,
And makes him taste a friend :
His brow grows clear, he feels content,
Forgets his pensive strife ;
And then concludes his time well spent,
In honest social life.

E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,
Wrapt up in self and dress,
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From sense, thy pow'r confess ;
The fop with chitty maudlin face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his queue and stiff grimace,
Grows free, and seems to think.

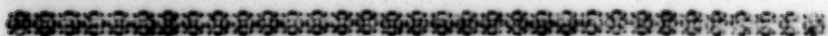


CEASE, anxious world, your fruitless pain,
To grasp forbidden store ;
Your studied labour shall prove vain,
Your alchymy unblest ;

Whilst seeds of far more precious ore
Are ripen'd in my breast,

My breast, the forge of happier love,
Where my Lucinda lies ;
And the rich stock does so improve,
As she her art employs ;
That ev'ry smile and touch she gives,
Turns all to golden joys.

Since then we can such treasures raise,
Let's no expence refuse ;
In love let's lay out all our days,
How can we e'er be poor,
When ev'ry blessing that we use,
Begets a thousand more ?

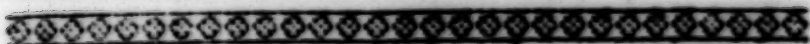


SEek not to know what must not be reveal'd ;
Joys only flow, where fate is most conceal'd ;
Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
If future fortunes he should know before :
For by that knowledge of his destiny,
He would not live at all, but always die.
Inquire not then who shall from bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a crown, or who shall bleed ;
All must submit to their appointed doom,
Fate and misfortune will too quickly come ;
Let me no more with powerful charms be prest,
I am forbid by fate to tell the rest.



NESTOR, who did to thrice man's age attain,
By vast experience found,

That busy statesmen did project in vain,
 When bumpers pass'd not briskly round.
 This maxim then he to his master gave,
 When he in council should debate;
 Not, Trojan like, to sit morose and grave,
 But drink, and so support the state.



HERE the deities approve,
 The god of music and of love,
 All the talents they have lent you,
 All the blessings they have sent you;
 Pleas'd to see what they bestow,
 Live and thrive so well below.



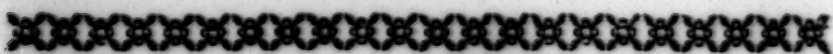
YES, Daphne, in your face I find
 Those charms by which my heart's betray'd;
 Then let not your disdain unbind
 The pris'ner that your eyes have made:
 She that in love makes least defence,
 Wounds ever with the surest dart;
 Beauty may captivate the sense,
 But kindness only gains the heart.

'Tis mildness, Daphne, must maintain
 The empire that you once have won;
 When beauty does like tyrants reign,
 Their subjects from their duty run.
 Then force me not to be untrue,
 Lest I, compell'd by gen'rous shame,
 Cast off my loyalty to you,
 To gain a glorious rebel's name.

'TIS wine was made to rule the day,
 And not the flaming sun ;
 'Tis love that should o'er night bear sway,
 And not the silly moon ;
 Wine is th' amazement of the old,
 That bliss would fain retrieve ;
 And love the bus'ness of the bold,
 That can both joys receive.

CHORUS.

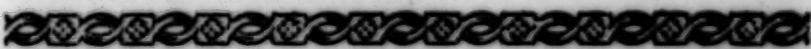
Let my queen live for ever,
 And let's still drink French wine ;
 Let my rage be immortal,
 And my liquor divine.
 Infus'd in wine let's sink to rest,
 And dream of what we love ;
 And since she may not be possess'd,
 Let us our wants improve.
 Oh ! lull me, couch'd in soft repose,
 And sleep ne'er from me take ;
 Except the gods will interpose,
 And let me enjoy awake.



CALMS appear, when storms are past ;
 Love will have his hour at last ;
 Nature is my kindly care ;
 Mars destroys, and I repair :
 Take me, while you may,
 Venus comes not every day.

LOST to the joys of life is he,
 O Sleep! who yields his hour to thee;
 If ever I invoke thy aid,
 Let Bacchus first my sense invade,
 Then o'er my soul be short thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to live again.

But should some sweetly-soothing dream,
 Display the idol of my flame,
 With heaving breast and yielding sighs,
 O sleep! for ever seal my eyes:
 Delusion in a state like this,
 Is real and substantial bliss.



WILL you credit a miser, 'tis gold makes us wise,
 The bliss of his life, and the joy of his eyes;
 And ask a fond lover where wisdom he places,
 To be sure in his mistress, her charms and her graces;
 But let the free lad speak the joy of his soul,
 'Tis a sparkling glass, and a smiling full bowl.

The miser is wretched, unhappy, and poor,
 He suffers great want in the midst of his store;
 The lover's disconsolate, mopish, and sad,
 For that, which when gained, will soon make him mad;
 The miser's a fool, and the lover's an ass,
 And he only is wise who adores the full glass.

Let the miser then hug up his ill-gotten pelf,
 And, to feed empty bags, may he starve his own self;
 Let the lover still languish 'twixt hope and despair,
 And dote on a face as inconstant as fair;
 But still may his bliss be as great as his soul,
 Who pays no devoir but to wine and the bowl.

HE's the director of each quaffing foul,
 To Bacchus, our master, let's fill up the bowl;
 Commands the brave tipplers, and governs the vine,
 His influence only can make our fronts shine.
 Then booze away toppers, your glasses turn down;
 He that tipples the most, our prince we will crown.

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WHEN charming Chloe gently walks,
 Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks;
 No goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

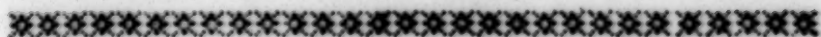
In whom so many charms are plac'd,
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
 With sparkling wit and solid sense,
 And soft persuasive eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
 Nature employ'd her utmost care,
 That we in Chloe's form should find
 A Venus, with Minerva's mind.

O Greedy Midas! I've been told,
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to gold;
 O had I but power like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
 Each fish my fatal power mourn;
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,
 Should in their native regions burn.

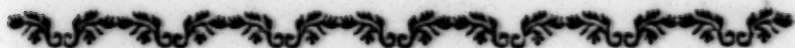
Nor should there any dare t' approach
 Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,
 But first should pay their notes to me,
 And style me only god of wine.



LUCRETIA the empire of Rome did destroy,
 And Helen, they say, was the ruin of Troy;
 The one was too wanton, the other too nice;
 Extremes still prove fatal in virtue and vice.

To be shipwreck'd on either I never design,
 But to sail between both in a sea of good wine;
 What though some dull matron our mirth disapprove?
 'Tis safer for ladies to drink than to love.

Here's a health to all those that are better than wise,
 Who scorn to be vicious, yet are not precise;
 What though some dull matron our mirth disapprove?
 'Tis safer for ladies to drink than to love.



TO the god of wine,
 My song and my design,
 With a grateful spirit, will I raise;
 'Tis my heart's delight
 To give him every night,
 And to carrol merrily his praise.
 Monarch Bacchus gay and young,
 Free to save us,
 And relieve us,
 When the world goes wrong;

Sound his name,
 Raise it high,
 Sing his fame
 To the sky,
 Till the wise world join in our song.

Should a mortal dare
 His merry subjects sneer,
 Let him dread the fate decreed :
 A new law well weigh'd,
 The drinking court has made,
 And to justice thus they'll proceed.

Set the rebel to the bar,
 That the traitor,
 Bound in fetter,
 May his sentence hear ;
 Let the rogue,
 In a string,
 Like a dog,
 Take a swing,
 Or be drown'd in rot-gut small beer.

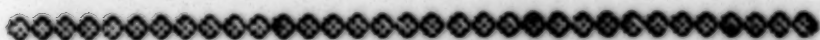


YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd ;

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day ;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.



THE cards invite, in crouds we fly,
To join the jovial route and cry ;
What joy from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight hark away ?

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor drounsh husbands enter there ;
The brisk, the bold, the young, and gay,
All hie to midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning-clock,
And drousy watchmen idly knock ;
Till day-light peeps we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away.

When tir'd of sport to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep ;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark away.

COME, mortals, come, come follow me ;
 Come follow, follow, follow me
 To mirth, and joy, and jollity ;
 Hark ! hark ! the call, come, come and drink,
 And leave your cares by Lethe's brink.

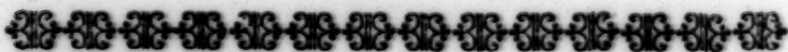
CHORUS.

Away then, come, come, come away,
 And life shall hence be holyday ;
 Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
 Shall vex the jovial heart again.

To Lethe's brink then follow all,
 Then follow, follow, follow all ;
 'Tis pleasure courts, obey the call ;
 And mirth, and jollity, and joy,
 Shall every future hour employ.

CHORUS.

Away then, come, come, come away,
 And life shall hence be holyday ;
 Nor jealous fears, nor strife nor pain,
 Shall vex the jovial heart again.



IN Cupid's fam'd school would you take a degree,
 Young maids, you must learn a short lesson from me ;
 Scarce blows on your cheek the fair rose of fifteen,
 Ere love, the sweet traitor, attacks you unseen ;
 To ruin and please ev'ry method he tries,
 A friend in pretence, but a foe in disguise.

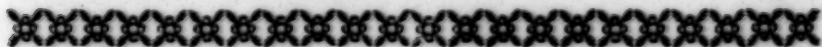
Does your fancy incline to wealth, title, and dress,
 Does your pulse beat to pleasure, or sink at distress ?

All hours he watches, all dresses he wears,
And courts, as best suits him, with smiles or in tears.

To your humour and taste still he varies his art,
And steals thro' your eyes or your ears to your heart;
For love, though a child, as Anacreon has sung,
With ease can outwit both the old and the young.



FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave;
I mean, the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury't there.
Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars.



DRINK about, my dear friend,
For, I pray, to what end
Stands useless the full flowing bowl?
Leave your sorrows behind,
Give your cares to the wind,
And drink to each jolly brave soul.

For Alcide the fam'd,
Who monsters all tam'd,
And bound the stout porter of hell;

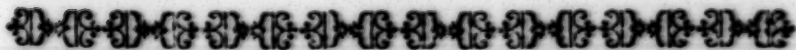
What mortals so happy, as we who combine,
And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?
No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown,
And we stand to them fair till we fairly fall down;
At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,
Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine:
To Cæsar and Bacchus our tribute is due,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
To Cæsar, &c.

His Worship so grave here may revel and roar,
The lawyer speak truth, who ne'er spoke so before;
The parson be stript of his priesthood's disguise,
And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;
If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:
'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue;
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
'Tis this, &c.



LET the sparkling glass go round with free motion,
We'll drink to the bottom, tho' deep as the ocean;

With freedom and pleasure our money we'll spend,
Whene'er we enjoy our bottle and our friend.

Whilst Lewis and George about nations are wrangling,
And covetous merchants for traffic are jangling :
To those splendid troubles our mind we ne'er will bend,
But to the dear delights of a bottle and a friend.

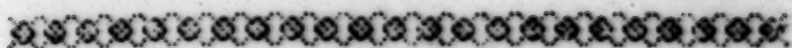
Whilst lawyers and courtiers are a-breeding of factions,
And mighty commanders engag'd in small actions ;
In a little close room securely we're penn'd,
Applying our thoughts to a bottle and a friend.

XX

AS Chloe came into the room t' other day,
I peevish began, Where so long could you stay ?
In your lifetime you never regarded your hour ;
You promis'd at two, and look, child, 'tis four ;
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough if 'tis loaded with baubles and seals ;
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear :
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me ! said she, let a body but speak ;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck ;
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a degree ;
See here, for you never believe me, pray see :
On the left side my breast what a mark it has made !
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd ;
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

BE joyful and merry,
And laugh at all cares,
And always remember
Your fortunate stars.



HOW faint a joy the maid imparts,
Reluctant, who resigns her charms !
She damps the transport of our hearts,
And beauty of her force disarms.

How great the pleasure, how refin'd,
And even in reflection sweet,
When lovers are but one in mind,
And souls together seem to meet ?



WINE from thought drives all despair,
Our wives and ev'ry irksome care ;
Says one, a jovial, merry wight,
E'en let us sit and drink all night.
Says th' other, Since you know we pay
No reck'ning till we go away ;
We'll drinking here for ever stay,
And never think of going away.



FOR you who are rid by the fury Love,
Whose tyranny does much oppress you ;
Here's that the spirit will remove,
And in a moment dispossess you.

T

'Tis the juice of the vine,
Brisk Burgundy wine,
A large dose of which never fails ;
But if you fondly sip,
And only wet your lip,
The fiend gathers strength and prevails.
The moderate drinker then's an ass,
A little wine is love's best potion ;
And Cupid wantons in a glass,
Who would be drown'd in a vast ocean.

1697

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eye-lids clos'd with sleep ;
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful step h' approach'd the fair,
To view her charming face ;
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain,
He wish'd the nymph would wake ;
Though ne'er before was any swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

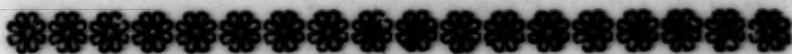
Whilst slumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind ;
She cry'd, Come, Thyrsis, come away,
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms ;

He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifled all her charms.



PUT briskly round the sparkling glass,
The stealing hours move on apace ;
Life without drinking, none e'er could boast of it,
Then let us pull away, and make the most of it ;
Brimful of claret each night let me be,
Then I've my wish to the highest degree.



BACCHUS, he it is who fires me,
Brings me to these blest abodes,
And with pleasure thus inspires me,
That I envy not the gods.

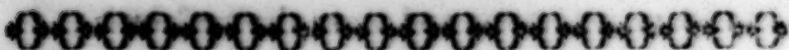
Sparkling juices still inchant me,
In one round of full delight ;
None but grateful objects haunt me,
Charm my taste, and please my sight.

Friends, since thus I am delighted,
Let us in a chorus join,
Sing the deities united,
Mighty powers of love and wine.

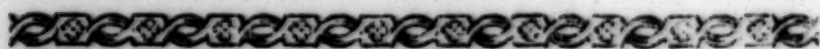
Then with Laura let me ever
All my precious minutes pass ;
But, Oh grant ! that I may never
Be without th' exciting glass.

WHAT's love? a medley of pleasure and pain,
'Tis all o'er a deceit, and the whole an invisible
chain :

Then, Celia, no more think to make up a feast,
'Tis enough you're a slender dessert :
You'll serve to give other stale pleasures a taste,
But must leave the dear bottle to cherish the heart.



NIGHT and day let's drink and kiss,
Can there be a greater bliss,
First to take a chearful glass,
Then carefs some pretty lads ?
May these joys alternate reign,
Love and wine, and love again.



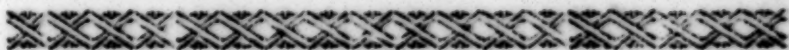
PHILLIS, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day ?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span ;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies ;
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings and will away :
Love hath swifter wings than time,
Change in love to heav'n does climb ;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two ;

Let not you nor I inquire,
 What has been our past desire ;
 On what shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what nymphs I have beguil'd.
 Leave it to the planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do ;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

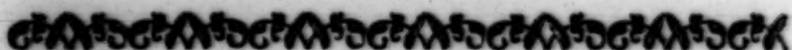


THE ladies look gay when of beauty they boast,
 And misers are envy'd when wealth is increas'd ;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
 And the miser's a wretch when he pays for the feast.
 The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair ;
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move.
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.



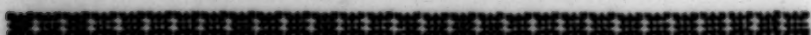
MIss Danae, when fair and young,
 As Horace has divinely sung,
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace,
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass :
 Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious ? why so jealous ?
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair ?
 Send her abroad, and let her see,
 That all this world of pageantry,

Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.
 Be to her virtues very kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind ;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind.



HASTE, my Nanette, my lovely maid,
 Haste to the bow'r thy love has made ;
 For thee alone I made the bower,
 And spread the couch with many a flower.

None but my sheep shall near us come,
 Venus be prais'd, my sheep are dumb ;
 Great god of love, take thou my crook,
 To keep the wolf from Nanette's flock.

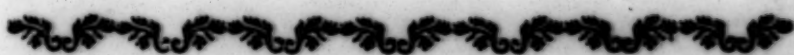


THE man that in his breast contains
 A heart which no loose act arraigns ;
 Inchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
 Where love and youthful fancy lead ;
 May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

When cynics rail, and pedants frown,
 Their rigid maxims I disown ;
 I smile to see their angry brow,
 And hate the gloomy, selfish crew ;
 In their despite, I'll laugh and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Be mine the social joys of life,
 And let good-nature vanquish strife,
 So innocence with me reside,
 And honour reign each action's guide ;
 I'll toy, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Then, Phillis, come and share those joys,
 Which no intemp'rate use destroys ;
 While you remain as kind as fair,
 My heart defies each anxious care ;
 With thee I'll toy, and laugh, and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.



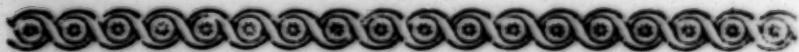
WHEN wint'ry blasts, and ruffling storms expire,
 And nature kindles up her genial fire ;
 Then the gay park puts on a lively green,
 And Silvia there in all her charms is seen ;
 O'er her stain'd cheeks vermilion blushes ran,
 A goddess mov'd, and Florio thus began :

Think, peerless fair one, then explain,
 Whence tender passions rise ;
 Why pants my heart with pleasing pain ?
 Why languish thus my eyes ?
 'Tis surely nature's gentle call,
 Love's sweetest joys to prove ;
 'Tis youth, 'tis life, 'tis health, 'tis all,
 For what means life but love ?

Here his voice failing as his raptures rose,
 In moving sighs he seem'd to breathe his vows ;

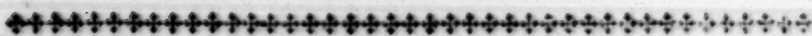
Soon to his heart the refluent spirits came,
And thus breath'd forth the brightness of his flame.

Now springing verdure decks the plains,
And love o'er youthful nature reigns ;
In thy dear breast soft passions rise,
And shed new softness o'er thy eyes.
Improve, sweet maid, the smiling hour,
Yield to Hymen's gentle power ;
So shall the world my Sylvia find
Strictly good, and fondly kind.



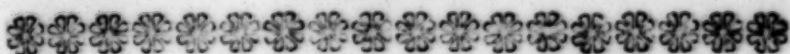
O 'Tis Elysium all ! in beauty drest,
To fancy's eye my Celia stood confest ;
Her glance spake ecstasy, No more, she cries,
No more my love shall weep and waste in sighs.
Be chearful, Thyrsis, and again adorn
With lively mirth thy soul for my return ;
And then embrac'd me, O 'twas heaven to hear !
Starting, I wake, and find no Celia there.

To my lips than nectar sweeter,
Wherefoe'er I turn my eyes,
Only thee I view, dear creature,
Ev'ry other object dies.
Still thy charming form is playing,
Whether soft reclin'd by streams,
Or through shining crouds I'm straying,
When dissolv'd in fleeting dreams.



WHEN I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty ;

Ah ! why did I ever say no ?
 Now the swains, though I court them, all fly me ;
 I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me ;
 Ye virgins, be warn'd by my wo.

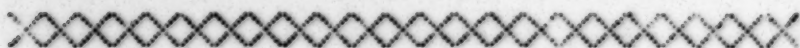


RECLIN'D at ease on this soft bed,
 With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread,
 And flow'ry lote, I'll now resign
 My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
 In decent robe, behind him bound,
 Cupid shall serve the goblet round :
 For fast away our moments steal,
 Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel.
 The rapid course is quickly done,
 And soon the race of life is run ;
 Then, then, alas ! we droop, we die,
 And sunk in dissolution lie ;
 Our frame no symmetry retains,
 Nought but a little dust remains.
 Why on the tomb are odours shed ?
 Why pour'd libations to the dead ?
 To me, far better, while I live,
 Rich wines, and balmy fragrance give ;
 Now, now, the rosy wreath prepare,
 And hither call the lovely fair.
 Now, while I draw my vital breath,
 Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
 For joy, my sorrows I'll resign,
 And drown my cares in rosy wine.

GO, lovely rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd;
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

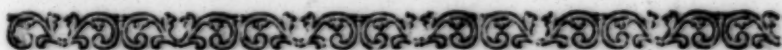


A Beauteous face, fine shape, engaging air,
 With all the graces that adorn the fair ;
 If these could fail their so accusom'd parts,
 And not secure the conquest of our hearts,
 Sylvia has yet a vast reserve in store ;
 At sight we love, but hearing, must adore.

There falls continual music from her tongue ;
 The wit of Sappho, with her artful song.
 From sirens thus we lose the power to fly,
 We listen for the charm, and stay to die.
 Ah ! lovely nymph, I yield, I am undone ;
 Your voice has finish'd what your eyes begun.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain;
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Brings equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate affords me none;
 Either extreme of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm, if it be love.
 Like Danae in a golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
 Of heav'n, that's but from hell releas'd:
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.



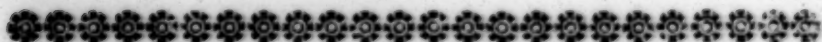
A Gentle warmth comes o'er my heart;
 Short pleasing sighs to blow the fire.
 Beauty and youth can ne'er want art,
 To heighten eager love's desire.

I sigh, and she trembles;
 Yet her eyes shew some joy,
 Which she'd fain dissemble,
 By seeming more coy.

Prithee, be no more coy,
 Prithee, Cynthia, my dear,
 We were made to enjoy
 The sweet pleasure we fear.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll shew ye what it is to be gay ;
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away :
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasanter when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a-day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see.
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent in woman,
But none in a brimmer can be.



COME, my dear, whilst youth conspires
With the warmth of our desires ;
Envious time about thee watches,
And some grace each minute snatches :
Now a spirit, now a ray,
From thy eye he steals away ;
Now he blasts some blooming rose,
Which upon thy fresh cheek grows ;
Gold now plunders in a hair ;
Now the rubies doth impair
Of thy lips, and with sure haste
All thy wealth will take at last ;
Only that of which thou mak'st
Use in time, from time thou tak'st.

AS archers and fidlers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves merit,
Will always provide 'em two strings to their bow,
And follow their business with spirit ;

So likewise the provident damsel should do,
Who'd make the best use of her beauty ;
If the mark she would hit, or her lesson pass thro',
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,
So far our revenge we may carry ;
One spark for our sport we may jilt and set by,
And t' other, poor soul ! we may marry.



WHILE roses round our temples twine,
We'll gaily quaff the sparkling wine :
And lo ! the love-alluring fair,
Her thyrsis brandishes in air,
With clust'ring ivy wreath'd round,
Whose branches yield a rustling sound ;
With graceful ease her steps she suits
To notes of soft Ionian lutes.
A youth, whose hair luxuriant flows
In curls, with breath ambrosial blows
The well-pair'd pipes, and, sweetly clear,
Pours melting music on the ear.
Here Cupid too, with golden hair,
And Bacchus, ever young and fair,
With Cytherea, who inspires
Delightful thoughts and warm desires,
Gay smiling join the festive train,
And make an old man young again.

COME, Stoic, come, thou proud philosopher,
 Thou, thou that art so cold, and so severe ;
 Who with vain gravity diseas'd,
 Art so afraid of being pleas'd ;
 Come, listen, listen to our tuneful strains,
 View the delightful nymphs, and ravish'd swains.
 Poor, lost philosopher !

How wilt thou find thy passions here ?
 How wish thyself all eye, and wish thyself all ear ?
 Come, Stoic, come thou proud philosopher,
 Thou, thou that art so cold and so severe.

Who so severe, whom music cannot charm ?
 So cold, whom beauty cannot warm ?
 But when both, both are combining,
 Both united forces joining,
 Then what madness 'tis to arm !
 When so kind too is th' alarm,
 And such softness does impart,
 Such gladsome tremblings to the heart.
 Who so severe, whom music cannot charm ?
 So cold, whom beauty cannot warm ?

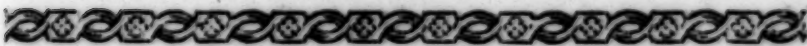
Let loose thy soul to joy ;
 Nor call what pleases thee a toy.
 Fool he, that wants to be above
 Gay delight, and gentle love !
 Fool, against himself contriving,
 Who, with kindly nature striving,
 Quarrels with the sweets of living.
 Let loose thy soul to joy,
 Nor call what pleases thee a toy.

Virtue, the mistress of thy care,
 Is but a part of good ;

Pleasure's the rest ; is lovely fair,
 And would be wisely woo'd.
 Cheat not thyself of bliss was meant thee ;
 But take, take all kind fate has sent thee.

GRAND CHORUS.

All, all at fav'rite hours improve,
 Deal in music, deal in love ;
 All thy faculties employ,
 To treat thy jolly nature high ;
 Ev'ry sense allow its joy,
 And ev'ry joy its luxury.
 Let not age have to complain,
 That neglected youth was vain,
 Its pleasures an untasted stream ;
 Let not time, when 'tis gone,
 Say that nothing was done,
 And life scarce so good as a dream.

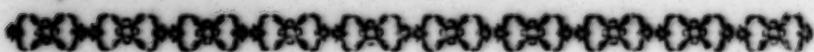


FORGIVE me, Chloe, if I dare
 Your conduct disapprove ;
 The gods have made you wondrous fair,
 Not to disdain, but love.

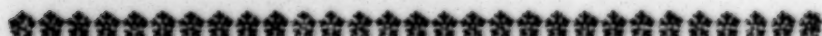
Those nice pernicious forms despise,
 That cheat you of your bliss ;
 Let love instruct you to be wise,
 Whilst youth and beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time
 You lose by your disdain ;
 The slaves you scorn now in your prime,
 You'll ne'er retrieve again.

But, when those charms shall once decay,
 And lovers disappear ;
 Despair and envy will repay
 Your being now severe.



BEAUTY now alone shall move him,
 Mars shall know no joy but love,
 Let the wiser gods reprove him.
 Melting kisses,
 Mutual blisses,
 Beauty charming,
 Love alarming,
 Raise the soul to joys above.



FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,
 Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire ;
 Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,
 How can he see, and not admire ?
 While each the other still improves,
 The fairest face, the fairest mind ;
 Not, with the proverb, he that loves,
 But he that loves you not, is blind.



INCHANTED by your voice and face,
 In pleasing dreams I fainting lie :
 † bleed, fair nymph, I bleed apace,
 And, oh, I languish ! oh, I die !

Sing, fair nymph, and let your eyes
 Upon your prostrate slave be shed ;
 An angel's face, an angel's voice,
 Whene'er they please can raise the dead.

FIE ! Celia, scorn the little arts
 Which meaner beauties use,
 Who think they can't secure our hearts,
 Unless they still refuse ;

Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,
 To raise our passions higher ;
 But when the poor delight is known,
 It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
 Or stop you know not why ;
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die !

Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be crost ;
 Ah ! Celia, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes lost.

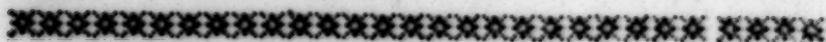
IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul ;
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Chloe's absence light ;

And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return ;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.

Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessing own :
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

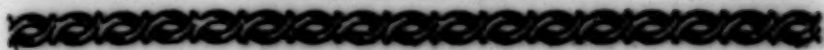


COME, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like fools, on grief or sadness ;
Like our money fly,
And our sorrow die,
All worldly care is madness.

But wine and good cheer
Will, in spite of our fear,
Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys ;
The time we live
To wine let us give,
Since all must turn to earth, boys.

Hand about the bowl,
The delight of my soul,
And to my hand commend it ;
A fig for chink,
'Twas made to buy drink,
And before we go hence we'll spend it.

FAR from thee be anxious care,
 And racking thoughts that vex the great ;
 Empire's but a gilded snare ;
 And fickle is the warrior's fate.
 One only joy mankind can know,
 And love alone can that bestow.



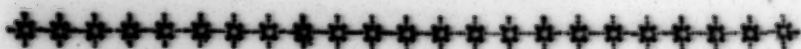
COME, let's be merry,
 While we've good sherry ;
 Come, let's be airy,
 Sprightly and gay.
 Good wine's a pleasure,
 The only treasure
 That makes us joyful,
 By night or day.

Wine makes us jolly,
 Cures melancholy,
 Drowns all our folly,
 Makes our hearts glad ;
 While we're possessing
 That glorious blessing,
 Good wine caressing,
 Let's not be fad.



FEAR not, dear love, that I'll reveal
 Those hours of pleasure we two steal ;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
 Descry what thou and I have done ;
 No ear shall hear our love, but we
 As silent as the night shall be :

The god of love himself, whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart,
 Shall never know what we can tell,
 What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell ;
 This only means may find it out,
 If, when I die, physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and then, to view
 Of all their judgments which was true,
 Rip up my heart, oh ! then I fear
 The world will see thy picture there.



LET wisdom boast her mighty pow'r,
 With passion still at strife ;
 Yet love is, sure, the sovereign flow'r,
 The sweet perfume of life.

The happy breeze that swells the sail,
 When quite becalm'd they lie ;
 The drop, that will the heart regale,
 And sparkle in the eye.

The sun that makes us to delight,
 And drives the shades away ;
 The dream that cheers our dreary night,
 And makes a brighter day.

But if, alas ! it wrongly seize,
 The case is twice as bad ;
 This flow'r, sun, drop, or dream, or breeze,
 Will drive a blockhead mad.

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus ! hear my pray'r,
Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair ;
In thy smiling cordial bowl,
Drown the sorrows of my soul ;
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
Jolly Bacchus ! save, oh ! save
From the deep, devouring grave,
A poor, despairing, dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tygers, do not stay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view those eyes once more,
Still shall love, and still adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face !

See her move !

With what a grace !

Ye gods above !

Is she not one of your immortal race ?
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like light'ning through the sky.
Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear one to my arms compel ;
Bring her in bands of myrtle ty'd,
Bid her forget, and bid her hide
All her scorn, and all her pride.
Would ye that your slave repay
A smoking hecatomb each day ;

O restore

The beauteous goddess I adore !

O restore ! with all her charms,
The faithless vagrant to my arms.

TO me the wanton girls insulting say,
Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey ;
Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or silver white ;
Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And dissipate anxieties in wine.

RECITATIVE.

O Goddess! most rever'd above,
Bright parent of almighty Love,
Whose pow'r th' immortal gods confess,
Hear, and approve my fond address :
In melting softness I thy doves outvie,
Then teach me like thy swans to sing and fly ;
So I thy vot'ry will for ever be,
My song, my life I'll consecrate to thee.

AIR.

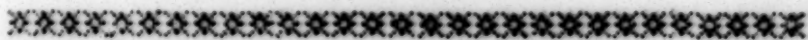
Give me numbers strong and sweet,
Glowing language, pointed wit ;
Words that might a Vestal move,
And melt a frozen heart to love.
Bid, bid thy blind boy
All his vigour employ ;
On his wings would I soar up to fame :
'Tis but just, if he scorch
My breast with his torch,
In my wit too he kindle a flame.

RECITATIVE.

Trophies to chastity let others raise,
 In notes as cold as the dull thing they praise,
 To rage like mine more sprightly themes belong;
 Gay youth inspires, and beauty claims my song;
 Me all the little loves and graces own;
 For I was born to worship them alone.

AIR.

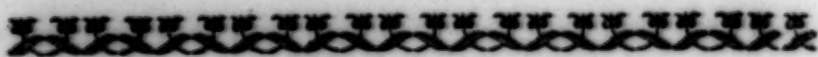
Tell not me the joys that wait
 On him that's rich, on him that's great:
 Wealth and wisdom I despise;
 Cares surround the rich and wife.
 No, no, — let love, let life be mine;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 And mind not what the grave ones say:
 Speed, and gild 'em as they fly,
 With love and freedom, wit and joy:
 Business, title, pomp, and state,
 Give 'em to the fools I hate.



SUE venal Belinda to grant you the blessing
 As Jove courted Danae, or vain's your addressing;
 For love, she asserts, all that's gen'rous inspires,
 And therefore rich tokens of love she requires.

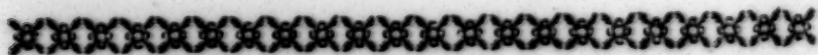
Such suitors as nothing but ardours are boasting,
 Will ne'er reach Elysium, but ever be coasting,
 Like penniless ghosts, deny'd passage by Charon,
 They'll find, without fee, unrelenting the fair one.

But give me the nymph not ungrateful to wooing,
 Who love pays with love, and careffes with cooing,
 By whom a true heart is accepted as sterling,
 And Cupid alone makes her lover her darling.



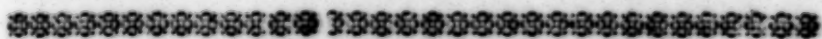
LET 'em censure : what care I ?
 The herd of critics I defy.
 Let the wretches know, I write
 Regardless of their grace or spite.
 No, no ; the fair, the gay, the young,
 Govern the numbers of my song.
 All that they approve is sweet ;
 And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire :
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre ;
 Love shall be my endless theme :
 Pleasure shall triumph o'er fame :
 And when these maxims I decline,
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine :
 May I grasp at empty praise,
 And lose the nymph to gain the bays.



TO make the beverage divine
 Mingle sweet roses with the wine ;
 Delicious will the liquor prove,
 For roses are the flow'rs of love :
 And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,
 Let laughter and the cup go round.
 Hail, lovely rose ! to thee I sing,
 Thou sweetest daughter of the spring :

All mortals prize thy beauties bright ;
 In thee the pow'rs above delight.
 Gay Cupid, with the Graces bland,
 When lightly bounding hand in hand ;
 With nimble feet he beats the ground,
 Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.
 Here then the flow'ry garland bring ;
 With numbers sweet I'll wake the string,
 And crown'd with roses, heav'nly flow'rs,
 Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,
 With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay,
 I'll dance the feather'd hours away.



RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord ;
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel lessening to her view :
 She smote her breast, she rav'd, and tore her hair,
 Then in soft plaints she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah ! Theseus, Theseus, stay ;
 Cease, ye winds, to blow ;
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow ;
 Nor waft my love away :
 Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Could I serve thee so ?
 Ah, Theseus ! tell me why you fly
 From her who gave you power to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
 Bacchus, whose gifts reanimate the soul,
 Heard, and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
 And gently thus administer'd relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling tear ;
 Though Theseus plough the deep,
 You've still a lover here.
 I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy ;
 If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup
 Of my choicest cordial draught ;
 Fill it, man ; why, fill it up ;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought ;
 Fill it higher to the brink,
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink.

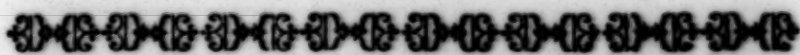
RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd ;
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew through her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart.
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd ;
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop, and who
pine,

Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine ;
Let the nymph that's forsaken for one that's more fair,
Take a comforting glass, and drown all despair.
Let the fond youth, who would win the coy maid,
Instead of his Cupid seek Bacchus's aid ;
Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails in performing his part,
Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.



IN vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride :

Pity pleading,

Love persuading,

When her icy heart is thaw'd,

Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.

Foolish creature,

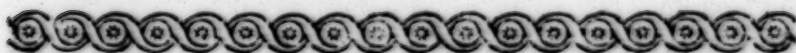
Follow nature,

Waste not thus your prime ;

Youth's a treasure,

Love's a pleasure,

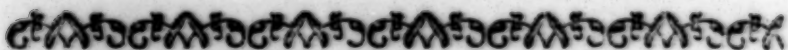
Both destroyed by time.



BACCHUS, to arms, the enemy's at hand,
Laura appears ; stand to your glasses, stand.
The god of love, the god of wine defies,
Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes.

Bacchus, to arms, and to resist the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.

Fly, Bacchus, fly, there's treason in the cup,
For love comes pouring in with ev'ry drop ;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain ;
Fly, Bacchus, fly, resistance is in vain ;
Or, craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.



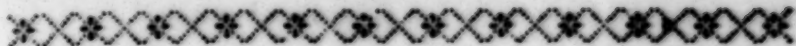
ALL compliance apart,
I examin'd my heart
Last night, as I laid me to rest ;
And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For, you know, second thoughts are the best.

To retire from the croud,
For to make ourselves good,
By avoiding ev'ry temptation,
Is in truth to reveal,
What we ought to conceal,
That our passions want some regulation.

It will much more abound
To our praise, to be found,
In a world so prolific of evil,
Unpolluted and pure,
Though not so demure,
As to wage open war with the devil.

So bidding farewell
To all thoughts of a cell,
I resolve on a militant life ;

And if brought to distress,
Why, then, I'll confess,
And do penance in shape of a wife.



YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicksome round,
Pray tell me, from whence this indecency springs,
The sexes at once to confound ;
What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex ?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call ev'ry art to her aid :
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.
But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.
Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal ;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure ;

Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

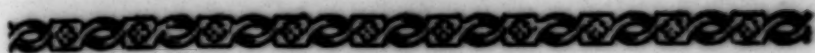
BEAUTY gilds the blushing morn,
 Hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
 Paints the rose in richest bloom,
 That fills the air with sweet perfume;
 But sweet perfume,
 Nor rose in bloom,
 Nor dew-drop bright,
 Nor morning-light
 In charms can vie
 With woman's eye.

In woman's eye we raptur'd view,
 Beauty at once and pleasure too.

TELL me, dear charmer, tell me why,
 All other joys so quickly cloy;
 All but the joys of loving thee,
 And they alone immortal be;
 They neither dull the mind nor sense,
 Nor lose their pleasing influence.

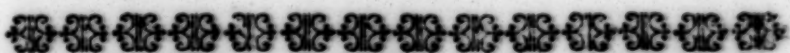
For ever I, with fierce desire,
 Could gaze on thee, and never tire;

My ravish'd ears could, all day long,
Feast on the music of thy tongue ;
And when that fails, yet still in you
I something find that's always new.



WHILST wanton Cupids round me fly,
And charm my soul with new desire ;
In vain to Bacchus I apply ;
For wine still makes the flame grow higher.

To struggle farther 'twere in vain,
Or of my fate complain :
None the true joys of love can taste,
But those who meet with pain.



FAIR Chloe my breast so alarms,
From her pow'r I no refuge can find ;
If another I take in my arms,
Yet my Chloe is then in my mind.
Unblest'd with the joy, still a pleasure I want,
Which none but my Chloe, my Chloe can grant.

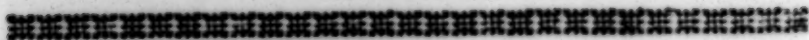
Let Chloe but smile, I grow gay,
And I feel my heart spring with delight ;
On Chloe I could gaze all the day,
And Chloe do wish for each night.
Unblest'd with the joy, still a pleasure I want,
Which none but my Chloe, my Chloe can grant.

Oh ! did Chloe but know how I love,
And the pleasure of loving again ;

My passion her favour would move,
 And in prudence she'd pity my pain :
 Good-nature and int'rest should both make her kind,
 For the joy she might give, and the joy she might find.



WERE I to chuse the greatest bliss
 That e'er in love was known,
 'Twould be the highest of my wish,
 T' enjoy your heart alone.
 Kings might possess their kingdoms free,
 And crowns unenvy'd wear ;
 They should no rival have of me,
 Might I reign monarch there.



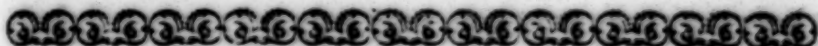
CHLOE found Aminta lying
 All in tears upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain.
 Kifs me, dear, before my dying,
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain ;
 Ever scorning, and denying
 To reward your faithful swain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain ;
 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kifs'd, she kifs'd again ;
 Kifs'd him once before his dying,
 Kifs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

'TIS love that makes all nature gay,
 All creatures can rejoice ;
 A thousand pleasures round him play,
 And music in his voice.

The feather'd choir in ev'ry grove,
 Stretch out their warbling throats ;
 And tell their little tales of love,
 In wild harmonious notes.

Haste, Celia, haste the grand design
 Of nature to approve ;
 Let's in the world's great chorus join,
 In unison of love.



NO woman her envy can smother,
 Though never so vain of her charms ;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.

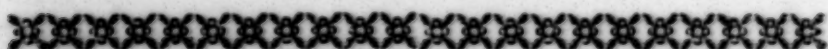
New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grows less ;
 Her poor little heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move ;
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
 Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due ;
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two.

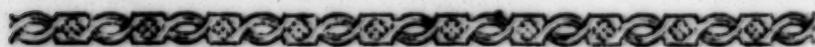
HEAVY reasoner, talk no more,
 Give me Celia o'er and o'er,
 Give me raptures, give me pleasure,
 Beyond reason, without measure ;
 My youthful ardour shall be fed with gay desire,
 And ev'ry circling year add fewel to the fire.

The sleepy image of thy brain
 Shall only o'er its dreamer reign,
 The impious apprehend no joys above ;
 Nor canst thou justly think of love ;
 Besides themselves, the gods alone can know
 The joys that from consenting lovers flow.



HOW insipid were life without those delights
 In which jolly brisk youths spend their days and
 their nights ?

Unhappy, grave wretches, who live by false measure,
 And for empty, vain shadows refuse real pleasure :
 To such fools, while vast joys on the witty are waiting,
 Life's a tedious, long journey, without ever baiting.



IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest care
 To get a heap, that I might say,
 When death came to demand his pay,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought ?

Or foolishly disturb the skies
 With vain complaints or fruitless cries ?
 For if the fatal destinies
 Have all decreed it should be so,
 What good will gold or crying do ?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl ;
 Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what love can give.
 Then shall I die in peace, and have
 This consolation in the grave,
 That once I had the world my slave.

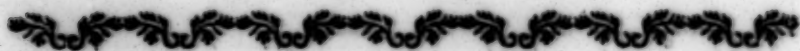
IF you'd court the joy won't leave you,
 Pay your vows at Bacchus' shrine ;
 Other pleasures will deceive you,
 Truth is only found in wine.
 If you'd court, &c.

Let the puny, sneaking lover
 Bow to Cupid like a fool ;
 Just experience will discover,
 He's no more than woman's tool.
 He's no more, &c.

Bring more wine then, charge the glasses,
 Let 'em flow with gen'rous red ;
 Drown a thousand loving asses,
 Then in triumph march to bed.
 Bring more, &c.

LET the am'rous coxcomb adore a fair face,
 An hour's enjoyment makes him look like an ass,
 Let the silly, vain fop to honours aspire,
 He burns with the torments of boundless desires

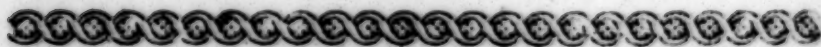
And let the old miser hoard up his curs'd pelf,
 He enriches his bags, but beggars himself.
 The lover, th' ambitious, and miser, are fools,
 There's no solid joy but in jolly full bowls.



LET the waiter bring clean glasses,
 With a fresh supply of wine ;
 For I see, by all your faces,
 In my wishes you will join.

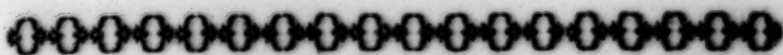
It is not the charms of beauty
 Which I purpose to proclaim :
 We a while will leave that duty,
 For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
 Let's have one full glass at least ;
 No one here can think't imposing,
 'Tis the founder of our feast.



O That I was young again,
 I'd frisk it beyond measure,
 Kifs, and dance, and sport amain,
 And wanton it at leisure,
 Free and gay,
 I'd pass the day,

At night I'd hug my treasure ;
Then I'd bed,
But never wed,
For marriage damps the pleasure.



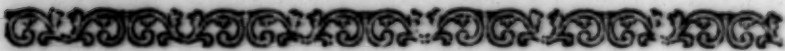
LOVE in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death ;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire ;
No grace, no charm is wanting,
To set the heart on fire.



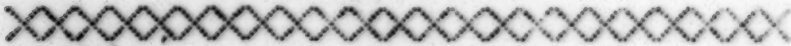
FILL, fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
The joyous, rich repast prepare ;
Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
Of fortune's frowns let others share :
Those she exalts are but her sport,
The play-things of her fickle mind ;
And those who most her favours court,
Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then unconcern'd let life glide on,
Let mirth employ the present hour,
For ere to-morrow's rising sun,
The fates may snatch it from our pow'r.
Drink on, and push the glasses round,
Let hope to-day prevent despair ;

Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
To-morrow is not worth our care.



WHILE o'er his bags the fordid slave,
Or o'er his books the sophist grave
Improves the coffer or the mind,
But, ah ! no happiness can find ;
Such the effects of vain desire,
Still wanting what we can't acquire.



POLITICANS may prate
On affairs of the state,
And wrangle and make a great rout ;
But our voices we'll join
In the praise of good wine,
So, my friends, push the bottle about,
Brave boys.
So my friends, &c.

'Tis this makes us bold,
And will keep out the cold,
Such virtues in claret combine ;
While the flask is in view,
Our joys are still new,
And our cares are all drown'd in good wine,
Brave boys.

That fellow's an ass,
Who would sneak from his glass,

For some insolent Chloe to whine ;
Let him come no more here,
For by Bacchus I swear,
He's not worthy to taste of our wine,
Brave boys.

The nectar of old,
That so much is extoll'd,
Which the deities drink when they dine,
Let none hence deceive ye,
For, if you'll believe me,
Their nectar's no more than good wine,
Brave boys.



YE national schemers, a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive ;
No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme, it is not of the state.

No hazards your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good humour'd, the prize is good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue
To a people who always give Bacchus his due ?
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain ;
'Tis wine gives us wit and ennobles our sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

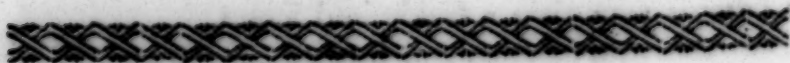
The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
 The lover despises his mistress's charms;
 The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
 Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the wine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
 You are sure of a prize for no more than a crown;
 Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree,
 To take off the hyp, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
 To be happy for once, — steal a crown from himself.
 Ye sons of the turf, leave your trickling and lies,
 The whole course is a blank, — here you are sure of a
 prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whatever may please,
 Leave your sighing and care, here you'll quickly find
 ease;

Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
 This evening we draw, Sir, at — Comus's hall.

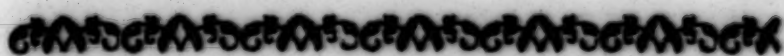


BENEATH his ample shade I lay,
 Defended from the sultry day;
 His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,
 And quench'd the fire that in me rag'd;
 'Till sated with the luscious taste,
 I rose and blest'd the sweet repast.

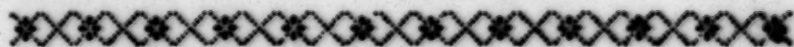


BALMY sweetness ever flowing
 From her dropping lip distils,

Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
 And her voice with music thrills.
 Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
 Washing sweets from every tree,
 Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.



O Fill with cooling juice the bowl;
 Assuage the fever in my soul!
 With copious draughts my thirst remove,
 And sooth the heart that's sick of love.



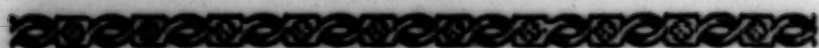
ARISE, my fair, and come away,
 The chearful spring begins to-day;
 Bleak winter's gone, with all her train
 Of chilling frosts and dropping rain.
 Amidst the verdure of the mead
 The primrose lifts her velvet head.
 The warbling birds, the woods among,
 Salute the season with a song.
 The cooing turtle in the grove,
 Renews his tender tale of love;
 The vines their infant tendrils shoot;
 The fig-tree buds with early fruit;
 All welcome in the genial ray;
 Arise, my fair, and come away.

Arise my fair

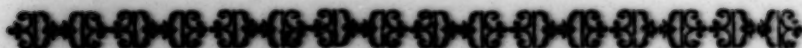


TOGETHER let us range the fields,
 Impearled with the morning-dew;

Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
 Or the apples clustering bough :
 There, in close embowered shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.



LET me (love) thy bole ascending,
 On the swelling clusters feed :
 With my grasp the vine-tree bending,
 In my close embrace shall bleed.
 Stay me with delicious kisses,
 From thy honey-dropping mouth,
 Sweeter than the summer-breezes,
 Blowing from the genial south,

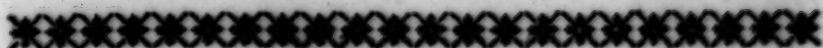


YE woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone,
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.

Where-ever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from sorrow and love,

More soft than the nightingale's song,
 Oh! waft the sad sound to his ear,
 And say, Though divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.

Then tell him, what years of delight,
Then tell him, what ages of pain,
I felt while I liv'd in his sight,
I feel till I see him again.



CUPID, my pleasure,
Soft love, I thee implore ;
Bacchus, my treasure,
Brisk wine I will adore.

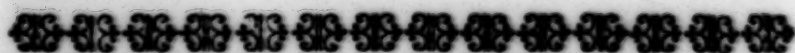
Give me a beautiful maid,
To blifs my longing arms ;
Fill me a bumper of red,
In that I view all charms.

Without thy joy,
Life soon would cloy,
And prove a mere disease :
The noble juice
Will mirth produce,
And give us ease.

The drunken sot,
That swills his gut,
May court and hug his glass ;
The sneaking fool,
Proud woman's tool,
Is but an ass.

Love, grant me but the fair,
No other blifs I ask ;
Wine frees us from all care,
Then bring another flask.

'TIS come, my dear Harry,
 Come, bring us more liquor in ;
 Let us never tarry,
 Since revels with us begin.
 Let us tittle on,
 Till the sun and the moon are gone,
 Till our faces outshine
 Their faces divine,
 And rival the rising sun.



WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn ?
 When the antling stag, arous'd by the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain,
 But still we pursue,
 And now come in view of the glorious game.
 O see how again he rears up his head !
 And, wing'd with fear, he redoubles his speed.
 But, O 'tis in vain ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose their cries ;
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies ;
 And he pants,
 Till by well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.



WHEN first I sought fair Cælia's love,
 And ev'ry charm was new,
 I swore by all the gods above,
 To be for ever true.

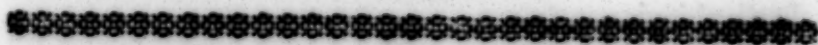
But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain ;
 She still protested, vow'd, and swore,
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome, she made me blest'd,
 And yielded all her charms ;
 And I forsook her, when possess'd,
 And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
 Thy breast to rage incline ;
 For why, since you forgot your vow,
 Should I remember mine ?

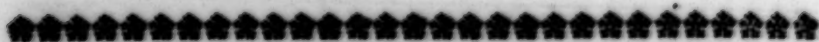


WHAT beauty is, let Strephon tell :
 Who oft has try'd it, knows it well.
 Not all the wonders of a face,
 Where nature triumphs in each grace ;
 Not snowy breasts, through which is seen
 The purple blood that boils within ;
 Not lips, when wit with ease beguiles,
 Whilst playfome Cupids dance in smiles ;
 Not youth, not shape, not air, not eyes ;
 She only charms me who complies.



WHEN at my nymph's devoted feet,
 Love bids me all my woes repeat,
 Obedient I the god obey ;
 I sigh, I weep, complain, and pray ;
 In vain I sigh, in vain implore,
 The teasing fair still cries, Encore.

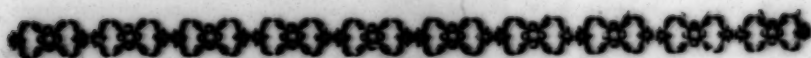
Oh ! Paphian queen, propitious prove,
 Incline her heart to me and love ;
 Then when encircled in her arms,
 Panting I'll rifle all her charms ;
 May she in melting sounds implore,
 And cry, Dear Strephon, Oh ! Encore,



WHEN Daphne first her shepherd saw,
 A sudden trembling seiz'd her ;
 Honour her wond'ring looks did awe ;
 She durst not view what pleas'd her.

When at her feet he sighing lay,
 She found her heart complying ;
 Yet would not to her love give way,
 To save her swain from dying.

The little god stood laughing by,
 To see her dext'rous feigning ;
 He bid the blushing fair comply,
 The shepherd leave complaining.



WHEN embracing my friend,
 And quaffing champaign,
 Dull phlegmatic spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain,
 Dull phlegmatic spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain.

My pleasures flow pure,
 Without taint or alloy ;
 And each glass that I drink
 Inspires with new joy.

My pleasures thus heighten'd
 No improvement receive,
 But what the dear sight
 Of my Phillis can give ;
 The charms of her eyes,
 The force of my wine,
 Do then in harmonious confed'racy join,
 To rap me with joys,
 To rap me with joys
 Seraphic, seraphic and divine.

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PRITHEE, Chloe, not so fast,
 Let's not run and wed in haste ;
 We've a thousand things to do,
 You must fly, and I pursue ;
 You must frown, and I must sigh ;
 I intreat, and you deny.
 Stay, — if I'm never crost,
 Half the pleasure will be lost.

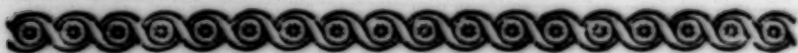
Be, or seem to be, severe,
 Giye me reason to despair ;
 Fondness will my wishes cloy,
 Make me careless of the joy.
 Lovers may of course complain
 Of their trouble, and their pain ;
 But if pain and trouble cease,
 Love without it will not please.

XXXXX

YE little loves that hourly wait,
 To bring from Celia's eyes my fate ;

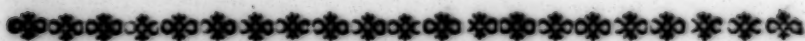
Tell her my pain in softest sighs,
And gently whisper, Strephon dies.

But if that won't her pity move,
And the coy nymph disdains to love,
Tell her again 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die.



WHEN gold is in hand,
It gives us command,
It makes us lov'd and respected :
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.

Though peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty :
Among all mankind,
Without it we find,
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.



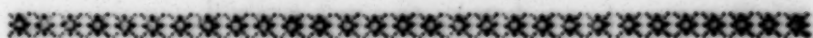
PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting, from our golden coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our land ;
But she who trades with 'em is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing, unseen, into the heart ;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store ;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
How he can court or you be won ;
For love is but discovery,
When that is made, the pleasure's done.



TAKE not the first refusal ill,
Though now she won't, anon she will :
She were not woman, if she knew
One moment what the next she'd do.
If you'll have patience, she'll be kind ;
To-day ne'er knew to-morrow's mind :
Wait till you find her in the cue,
If you don't ask her, she'll ask you.



RING, ring the bar-bell of the world,
Great Bacchus calls for wine ;
Haste, pierce the globe, its juices drain,
To whet him ere he dine.

Have you not heard the bottle cluck,
When first you have pour'd it forth ?

The globe shall cluck as soon as tapp'd,
To brood such sons of worth.

When this world's out, more worlds we'll have :
Who dare oppose the call ?
If we had twice ten thousand worlds,
Ere night we'd drink them all.

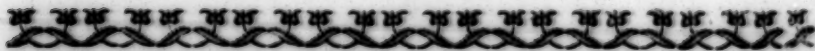
See, see our drawer, Atlas, comes,
His cask upon his back ;
Haste ! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
Till all our girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, Let's drink amain,
Left Time should go astray.
We'll make Time drunk, the rest reply'd,
We gods can make a day.

Brave Hercules, who took the hint,
Required Time to drink,
And made him gorge such potions down,
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
And nonpluss'd in the vast,
Dissolv'd in the æthereal world,
Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now time's no more, let's drink away ;
Hang flinching, make no words ;
Like true-born Bacchanalian souls,
We'll get as drunk as lords.



WIT and Beauty once contended
Which should reign in Celia's arms ;

Both an equal claim pretended
To be sole monarch of her charms.
Till at last they both agreed
To maintain alternate sway;
One by night to bless her bed,
And one to win her heart by day.

SAY, all ye friends, that now are met
Around this sparkling bowl,
Does any sad unhappy fate
Lag heavy on the soul?

Does any here the lover mourn
Of some imperious fair,
Who treats his offerings with scorn,
And kills him with despair?

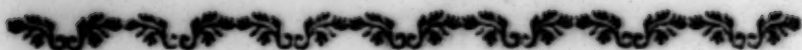
Or is there any weary mind
With poverty so great,
As keeps his joys close confin'd
In slavish goals for debt?

If so, drink twice a single share,
Quick toss the liquor round,
And you shall find that stupid care
Will presently be drown'd.

See, see the bowl with pleasing smiles
Invites us to a bliss;
All cloudy sorrows it beguiles,
And flows all happiness.

Come join in chorus, to the praise
Of the great god of wine;

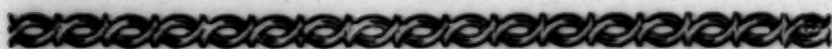
O jolly Bacchus ! pow'rful god,
All happiness is thine.



WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random, chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mifella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.



THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this riband bound,
'Take all the rest the sun goes round.

SAY, lovely Sylvia, lewd and fair,
 Venus in face and mind,
 Why must not I that beauty share
 You pour on all mankind?

That fun which shines promiscuously
 On prince and porters heads,
 Why must it now leave only me
 To languish in the shades?

In vain you cry, you'll sin no more,
 In vain you pray and fast;
 You'll ne'er persuade us, till threescore,
 That Sylvia can be chaste.

When thus affectedly you cant,
 You're such a young beginner,
 You make at best an awkward saint,
 That are a charming sinner.

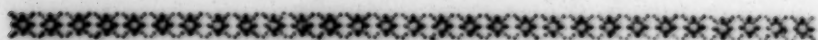


THE danger is over, the battle is past,
 The nymph had her tears, but she ventur'd at
 last;

She try'd the encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she has won.
 By her eyes we discover the bride had been pleas'd;
 Her blushes become her, her passion is eas'd;
 She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down.
 She sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

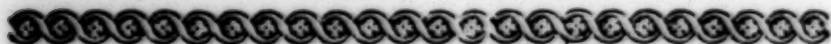
Appear all ye virgins, both aged and young,
 And you that have carry'd that burthen too long,
 Who've lost precious time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your tears 'twixt doubting and chusing;

Draw near, and learn what will settle your mind,
 You'll find yourselves happy when once you are kind;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
 The loss will be little, and much to be won.



THE Macedon youth
 Left behind him this truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking;
 He drunk and he fought,
 Till he had what he fought,
 The world was his own by good drinking.

He drench'd his brave soul
 In a plentiful bowl,
 And cast away trouble and sorrow;
 His head never run
 Of what he had done,
 For he car'd not to-day, for to-morrow.

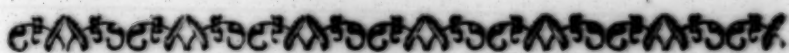


WHY should our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live
 On the pittance of pleasure which they only give?
 We must not rejoice
 With wine and with noise;
 In vain we must wake in a dull bed alone,
 Whilst to our warm rival the bottle they're gone.
 Then lay aside charms,
 And take up these * arms.

'Tis wine only gives their courage and wit,
 Because we live sober, to men we submit.

* The glass.

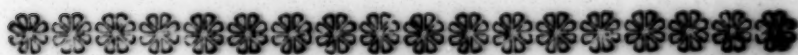
If for beauties you'd pass,
 Take a lick of the glass,
 'Twill mend your complexions ; and when they are gone,
 The best red we have is the red of the grape.
 Then, sisters, lay't on,
 And damn a good shape.



WHY, Celia, should you so much strive
 Your kindling passion to conceal ?
 Your lips, though they denial give,
 Yet all your actions love reveal.

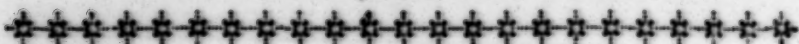
In vain you strive, in vain, alas !
 The charming passion to disguise ;
 It glows, it blushes on your face,
 And sparkles in your swimming eyes.

Your eyes, those emblems of the heart,
 Still contradict whate'er you say ;
 And though your lips deny the smart,
 Your eyes are more believ'd than they.



THINK, when to pleasure the powers do invite you,
 Time on the wing is fleeting away ;
 And as the bright season of youth does delight you,
 Crown the dear moments with mirth while you may.
 As time approaches by kind advances,
 With truly grateful and free open fancies
 Of songs and brisk dances, intreat him to stay.
 His golden treasure
 Then prudently measure,

Let innocent pastime and virtue delight you,
 Virtue and innocence always are gay ;
 Those who inherit
 Such sweetness of spirit,
 Live, and enjoy true delights ev'ry day.



WHY are your charms by frowns defac'd,
 Too lovely and too coy,
 Since from your lips, with tim'rous haste,
 I snatch'd transporting joy ?

Too well I rue the hapless theft ;
 Too fatal your disdain ;
 I lost, — ah no ! my life is left,
 I feel it by the pain.



Sure might I taste another such,
 So warm with fierce desire ;
 My soul, exulting at the touch,
 Would through my lips expire.

Then, Sylvia, take my parting breath,
 In such another kiss ;
 Glut your revenge, and let my death
 Atone the ravish'd bliss.



TO heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my Kitty's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

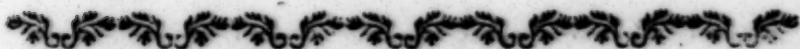
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart,
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.



WHILST on Amintor's form I gaze,
 And listen to his voice,
 Strephon in vain his wealth displays,
 Love leaves no room for choice.

But oh, the force of pomp and show !
 How fickle women are !
 Let but Amintor from me go,
 My eyes for wealth declare.

Quick then, Amintor, to me fly,
 With boldness play thy part ;
 The gaudy prospect charms my eye,
 But love alone my heart.

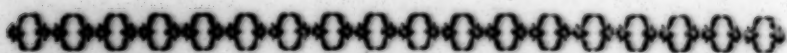


WHAT a pother of late
 Have they kept in the state,
 About setting our consciences free ?
 A bottle has more
 Dispensations in store
 Than the king and the state can decree.

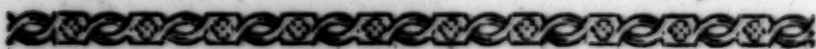
When my head's full of wine,
 I o'erflow with design,
 And know no penal laws that can curb me ;

Whate'er I advise
 Seems good in my eyes,
 And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

No fancy remorse
 Intrudes in my course,
 Nor impertinent notions of evil;
 So there's claret in store,
 In peace I've my whore,
 And in peace I jog on to the devil.

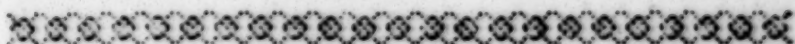


WHILST I am carousing to chear up my soul,
 Oh how I triumph to see a full bowl!
 This is the treasure,
 The only pleasure,
 The blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.
 Thus while I'm drinking,
 Free from dull thinking,
 Then am I greater than the greatest king.

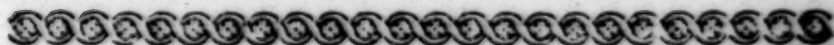


WHEN thy beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
 At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears;
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!
 But when, without art,
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through ev'ry vein,
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
 heart;
 Then I know you're woman again.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex (she reply'd) ;
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.

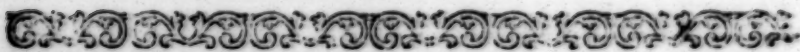


WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away ;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ;
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox ;
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;
 With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.
 With shouting, &c.



AT noon one sultry summer's day,
 The brightest lady of the May,
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade.
 Each slender finger play'd its part,
 With such activity and art,
 As would inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.
 Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
 He saw no anger in her eye ;
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.

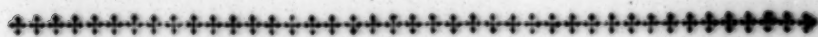
She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball;
 But strait gave Strephon such a call,
 As would have rais'd the dead.
 Dear, gentle youth, there's none but thee,
 With innocence, I dare be free;
 By so much trust and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.
 Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
 While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou mayst securely take a nap:
 Which he, poor fool, obey'd.
 She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er;
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
 But starting up, she said,
 Such virtue shall rewarded be;
 For this thy dull fidelity,
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me;
 Pursue thy grazing trade;
 Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me, mistaken maid.



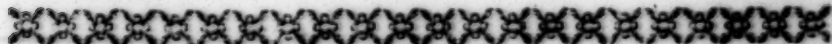
I Had rather enjoy
 A girl that is coy,
 Than one who is easy persuaded;
 For though for a while
 She scarcely will smile,
 Yet at length her fort is invaded.

When then she's possess'd,
 You doubly are blest'd;
 Though from pleasure a while you're confin'd,
 The heart is on fire
 With zealous desire,
 And the joy of a lover refin'd.

The pleasure's not full,
 But damnably dull,
 When too willing a mistress we find;
 I'd have her first frown,
 Her passion disown,
 And begin by degrees to be kind.



BACCHUS, god of mortal pleasure,
 Ever give me thy dear treasure;
 How I long for t'other quart!
 Ring, and call the drowsy waiter,
 Hither, &c.
 Since 'tis no later,
 Why should good companions part?
 He that's willing,
 Whip a shilling;
 Follow this example round:
 If you'd wear a lib'ral spirit,
 Put about, &c.
 Put about the gen'rous claret,
 After death no drinking's found.



LAY that fullen garland by thee,
 Keep it for th' Elysian shade;

Take my wreath of lusty ivy,
Not of that faint myrtle made ;
When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile plain ;
Of sad fools the lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this crown again.

CHORUS.

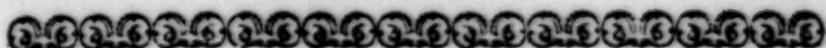
Now drink wine, and know the odds,
'Twixt that Lethe and the gods.
Rouse thy dull and drowsy spirits,
Here's the soul-reviving streams ;
The stupid lover's brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams ;
Think not thou these dismal trances
With our raptures can contend ;
The lad that laughs, and sings, and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

CHORUS.

Sadness may some pity move,
Mirth and courage conquer love.
Fie, then, on that cloudy forehead,
Ope those vainly crossed arms :
Thou mayst as well call back the buried,
As raise love by such like charms.
Sacrifice a glass of claret,
To each letter of her name ;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals sure must do the same.

CHORUS.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.



CHLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive,
Behold the strange effects of time !
Marries, and dotes at forty-five.
So weather-cocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.



THIS great world is a trouble,
Where all must their fortunes bear ;
Make the most of the bubble,
You'll have but neighbours fare.
Let not jealousy tease ye,
Think of nought but to please ye ;
What's past, 'tis but in vain
For mortals to wish again.

When dull cares do attack ye,
Drinking will those clouds repel ;
Four good bottles will make ye
Happy, they seldom fail.
If a fifth should be wanted,
Ask the gods, 'twill be granted.
Thus, with ease, you'll obtain
A remedy for all your pain.

WHEN first procreation began,
Ere forms interrupted the blifs,
Each woman might love any man,
Each man any woman might kiss.

The youth who beheld a plump lass,
Declar'd in few words his request ;
Nor whin'd like an amorous ass,
Nor ever departed unblest.

The girl who was ripe for the game,
Look'd out for a sizeable lad ;
Then frankly discover'd her flame,
And what she demanded, she had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,
And bantlings increas'd in their kind,
The mother still bore all the charge : —
The father what mortal could find ?

So when great Semiramis reign'd,
And women repin'd at their lot ;
The queen Matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got.

While under this petticoat rule,
The men were oblig'd to submit ;
The wife went abroad, and the fool
Still own'd all that came in his net.

The men on this system refin'd ;
They granted the union for life ;
But made (their chaste spouses to bind)
The husband the head of the wife.

Tradition establish'd the cheat ;
(Tradition makes all things divine),

It aw'd the dull croud ; but the great
What precept could ever confine ?

The sacred lawgivers of yore,
And all the old sages of Greece,
Could sily dispense with a score,
Though others had but one apiece.

'Twas thought for the good of mankind ;
So into the canons it past ;
The mob will for ever be blind ;
And therefore 'tis likely to last.

Still may the decrees of the state
Impose on an ignorant realm :
Let us our own charter create,
And do as they do at the helm.

When one has the beauty to charm,
And t' other the manhood to please,
In love can there be any harm,
Arising from motives like these ?



SEE, from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks, with ever-pleasing art,
To ease the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.

To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
While thus to music's power the swain address'd his
pray'rs.

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish,
Music, oh compose my anguish !

Ev'ry passion yields to thee :

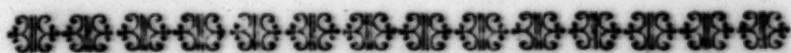
D d

Phœbus, quickly then relieve me ;
 Cupid shall no more deceive me ;
 I'll to sprightlier joys be free.
 Apollo heard the foolish swain ;
 He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
 How weak t'assuage an am'rous pain,
 His own harmonious harp had prov'd,
 And all his healing herbs how vain.
 Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
 Preluding to his voice and sings :
 Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee ;
 Music is the voice of love.
 If the tender maid believe thee,
 Soft relenting,
 Kind consenting
 Will alone thy pain remove.



CONTRIVE me, artizan, a bowl
 Of silver, ample as my soul ;
 And in the bright compartments bring
 The sweet profusion of the spring ;
 Let that fair season, rich in flowers,
 Shed roses in ambrosial showers ;
 Yet simply plain be thy design,
 A festive banquetting of wine.
 No hieroglyphics let it have ;
 No foreign mysteries engrave :
 Let no blood-thirsty heroes wield
 Rough armour in the silver field ;
 But draw me Jove's delightful boy,
 Bacchus, the god of wine and joy :

Let Venus with light step advance,
 And with gay Hymen lead the dance,
 Beneath the leaf-embellish'd vine,
 Full of young grapes that promise wine;
 Let Love, without his armour, meet
 The meek-ey'd Graces laughing sweet,
 And on the polish'd plain display
 A group of beauteous boys at play;
 But no Apollo, god of day.



HOW stands the glass around,
 Of which we take no care, my boys?

How stands the glass around?

Let wine and mirth abound,

The trumpets found;

The colours they do fly, my boys;

To fight, kill, or wound,

As you'll be found

Contented with your cheer, my boys,

On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, foldiers, why,

Whose business is to die?

Why sigh then? fie!

Damn care, drink on; be jolly, boys,

'Tis he, you, or I,

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're only doom'd to fall, my boys,

We scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain ;
The next campaign
Sends you to him who made you, boys,
Perhaps in pain ;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.



YOU say, you love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd, and said the same before ;
And yet I swear, I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a man till now.

'Tis strange, that I should credit give
To words, who know that words deceive,
And lay my better judgment by,
To trust my partial ear or eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd
Your suit, had you to-morrow try'd ;
But faith, unthinkingly, to-day,
My heedless heart has gone astray.

To bring it back would give me pain,
Perhaps the struggle too were vain ;
I'm indolent, so he that gains
My heart, may keep it for his pains.

LATE the muses Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming Beauty brought.
Venus with large ransom strove
To release the god of love.
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,
Love refuses to be free.
Happy in his rosy chain,
Love with Beauty will remain.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure ;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure.
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing, without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure ;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure :
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,

Let us offer up a hog'shead
Unto our master's Shrine.
And a-toping we will go, &c.

'Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a reason why ;
'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a-toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear ;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.
And a-toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a sup,
But had it been a gallon-pot,
By Jove I'd tofs'd it up.
And a-toping, &c.

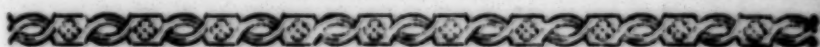
And ever since that happy time,
Good wine has been my cheer ;
Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
But water or small beer.
And a-toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly ;
But fill our skins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a-toping, &c.

SEE what a conquest love has made !
Beneath the myrtle's amorous shade
The charming, fair Corinna lies,
All melting in desire,
Quenching in tears those flowing eyes,
That set the world on fire.

What cannot tears and beauty do ?
The youth by chance came by, and knew
For whom those crystal streams did flow ;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes' brightest rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light, appear,
Each craggy rock, and ev'ry stone
Their native rigour keep ;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardest marbles weep.



CHLOE, be wise, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at such a rate ;
Should I your scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love much abus'd, will turn to hate.

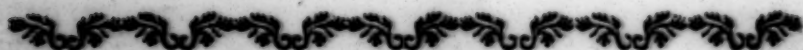
How can so lovely, fair a creature
Put on the looks of cold disdain ;
Women were first design'd by nature
To give a pleasure, and not a pain.

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away ;
Think then the time we now are wasting ;
Throw off those frowns, and love obey.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e ;
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burnside ;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride ;
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue ;
Her locks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said !
His cheeks to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd :
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
Love only saw the rest.

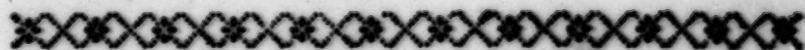


CEASE to beauty to be suing,
Ever whining, love disdaining ;
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

Wine, wine in a morning,
 Makes us frolic and gay,
 That like eagles we soar,
 In the pride of the day;
 Gouty fots of the night
 Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
 And to drinking gives light;
 We imitate him,
 When by noon we're at height:
 They steal wine who take it,
 When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill the glasses,
 Fill them up, now he shines;
 The higher he rises,
 The more he refines;
 For wine and wit fall,
 As their maker declines.



LET a set of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking,
 While water, tea,
 And milk agree,
 To set cold brains a-thinking;
 Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness

All differ'd in opinion ;

But wiser rules

Of modern schools,

In wine fix their dominion.

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,

Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,

Makes poets write,

And soldiers fight,

And friendship do its duty.

Wine was the only Helicon,

Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;

'Twas no other main,

Than brisk champaign,

Whence Venus was deriv'd too,

When heav'n in Pandora's box

All kinds of ill had sent us,

In a merry mood,

A bottle of good

Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,

Of ev'ry vice destroyer,

Gives dullards wit,

Makes just the cit,

Truth forces from the lawyer.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,

Our care and sorrow drowning.

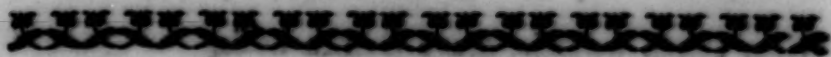
Who rails at the bowl,

Is a Turk in's soul,

And a Christian ne'er should own him :

Power and wealth, &c.

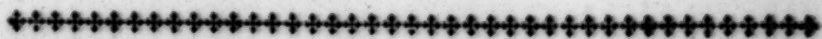
THUS Pontius in rage contradicted his wife,
 You never yet told me one truth in your life.
 Vex'd Pontia no way would this thesis allow,
 You're a cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth now?



THE thirsty earth sucks up the showers,
 Which from his urn Aquarius pours ;
 The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
 Imbibe the earth's prolific juice ;
 The sea, in his prodigious cup,
 Drinks all the rain and rivers up :
 The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
 The sea, the rivers, and the rain ;
 And nightly, when his course is run,
 The merry moon drinks up the sun.
 Then give me wine, and tell me why,
 My friends, should all things drink but I ?



WOULD you gain the tender creature,
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her ;
 Suffering is the lover's part :
 Beauty by constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the blessing,
 Lifeless charms without the heart.



BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary
 In your tempers, but be gay.

200 A COLLECTION, &c.

Let mirth know no cessation ;
We all were born (mankind agree)
From dull reflection to be free ;
But he that drinks not cannot be :
Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
Then all our whining,
Wishing, striving

To embrace what beauty yields,
Is left when in possession ;
But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
Possession never palls its worth,
We always wish'd for't from our birth,
And shall for ever wish on.



All malice here is flung aside,
Each takes his glass,
No healths do pass,
No party-fends here e'er abide,
They nought but ill occasion ;
We only meet to celebrate
The day which brought us to this state,
But not to curse nor yet to hate
The hour of our creation.

F I N I S.

